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Art. I. *Elements of Algebra.* By Leonard Euler, translated from the French; with the Additions of Lagrange, and the Notes of the French Translator: To which is added an Appendix, containing the Demonstration of several curious and important numerical Propositions, alluded to, but not investigated, in the Body of the Work, &c. &c. Second Edit. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xxxviii. 909. Price 24s. Boards. Johnson and Co. 1810.

WHENEVER we reflect upon the sterling excellence of Euler's Elements of Algebra, it is not without feeling considerable surprize, that an interval of thirteen years, since their first translation into the English language, should have elapsed before the appearance of a new edition. This profound mathematician was not, like many of the continental geometers, seduced from the love of simplicity, by a vain desire to puzzle, to startle, or to astonish. In all his investigations he pursued truth in the simplest and most direct path; and never wandered from his road to chase butterflies or gather wild-flowers, losing sight of objects of importance in the pursuit of trifles. If, in the course of his researches, he has ever employed abstruse formulæ or intricate processes, it is because the real difficulty of the subject rendered it absolutely necessary; and even in such cases, he more frequently conducts his readers to the result by striking out some happy expedient, than by guiding them through a labyrinth of deep analytical calculation. Euler was a philosopher of indefatigable industry and profound research; and so excursive was the range of his enquiries, that there are very few regions in the mathematical, physical or metaphysical sciences, upon which he has not thrown additional light, and which he has not enriched with new discoveries: insomuch that the catalogue alone of the works of this extraordinary man, extends to the amount of fifty pages. Of these performances several were printed separately, and others inserted in the memoirs of different Academies: viz. in 38 volumes of the Petersburg Acts (from

6 to 10 papers in each volume);—in several volumes of the Paris Acts;—in 26 volumes of the Berlin Acts (about 5 papers in each volume);—in the *Acta Eruditorum*, in 2 vols;—in the *Miscellanea Taurinensis*;—in vol. 9 of the *Society of Ulys-* singue;—in the *Ephemerides of Berlin*;—and in the *Memoires de la Societé Economique*, for 1766.

By far the greater proportion of Euler's writings are addressed to the “primores populi.” He has aimed rather to heighten the superstructure of science than to strengthen its foundations; and hence it happens that but few of his numerous productions can be strictly called elementary. The work now on our table, however, is perfectly such; and it is marked, in a most eminent degree, with the first quality of an elementary performance, *perspicuity*. We do not hesitate to call it the most perspicuous treatise on algebra extant. A proof of the remarkable fitness of this book for novices, is furnished in the circumstances resulting from the manner in which it was prepared for the press, as related by the German editors of the later editions.

‘ The object of the celebrated author was to compose an elementary treatise, by which a beginner, without any other assistance might make himself complete master of Algebra. The loss of sight had suggested this idea to him, and his activity of mind did not suffer him to defer the execution of it. For this purpose M. Euler pitched on a young man, whom he had engaged as a servant on his departure from Berlin, sufficiently master of arithmetic, but in other respects without the least knowledge of mathematics. He had learned the trade of a tailor, and with regard to his capacity was not above mediocrity. This young man, however, has not only retained what his illustrious master taught and dictated to him, but in a short time was able to perform the most difficult algebraic calculations, and to resolve with readiness whatever analytic questions were proposed to him. p. xxv.’

In this work almost every part is excellent,—but none more so than that which relates to indeterminate and diophantine problems. The whole of this branch of analysis is most ably methodised, and cast into the best possible form for those persons to read, who wish to study it without the assistance of a master. The substance of the investigations of Kersey, Fermat, Ozanam and others, is thrown into an orderly system; and many highly useful theorems are exhibited in the course of this masterly discussion.

The French translation of this work received the addition of several notes by the translator; and was more especially enriched by some valuable papers from the hand of the celebrated Lagrange, on the subjects of continued fractions, quadratic equations of two unknown quantities in rational numbers, double and triple equalities, the division of alge-

braic functions into fractions, &c. These additions are all inserted in the English translation: and in the edition of 1797 some notes were added by the translator,—who seems, however, to have been but moderately skilled in mathematics, since his translation contained most of the errors of the French edition, and full two hundred new ones. This, of course, rendered the book extremely faulty, and made it in a manner unsafe to put into the hands of any one who was extending his knowledge of algebra without the advantage of a tutor. The present editor, (who dates his preface from the Royal Military Academy, but has not given his name,) we are happy to say, has carefully purged it from these inaccuracies; and has, besides, made some important additions and alterations.

' Such of the former notes as are retained (among which are all those of the French translator) have been placed at the bottom of the pages to which they refer, and several others have been added where they were thought necessary, beside those subjoined in the second volume; in the latter of which are demonstrated all the numerical propositions that the author has referred to, but not investigated in the body of the work. These notes, as far as could be done, are so arranged as to form a concise abstract of the theory of numbers; which, being a subject that has not much engaged the attention of English mathematicians, it is presumed, that those who have not an opportunity of consulting foreign writers on this branch of analysis, may there find some useful information. A few of these notes are new; the others have been chiefly derived from the works of Waring, Gauss and Legendre.'

It is principally on account of these notes, that we speak at all of the present edition; and we may safely recommend them to students of algebra, especially at colleges and public institutions where young men wish to penetrate a little below the surface. They exhibit neat and satisfactory demonstrations of several curious propositions, not often met with in English books, though they have been discussed at great length by several foreign authors: such, for example, as that, if n be prime number, and r prime to n , then $r^{n-1}-1$, is divisible by n : that the square root of any number not a square, cannot be expressed by a rational fraction: that a fractional root of an equation cannot produce integral coefficients and integral absolute terms: that the equation $1 \times x^3 = y^2$, is impossible, in integers, except in the case when $x=2$: that every prime number of the form $4n+1$, is the sum of two squares: that all prime numbers of the forms $8n+1$, and $8n+5$, are exclusively of all others, contained in the formula z^2 : that all prime numbers of the forms $8n+1$, and $8n+3$, are exclusively of all others, contained in the formula z^2 : that all prime numbers of the forms $8n+1$, and

$8n+7$, are exclusively of all others, contained in the formula $y^2 - 2z^2$, &c. Attempts are also made to prove the truth of Fermat's theorem, that the equation $x^n + y^n = z^n$ is always impossible for every integral value of n greater than 2: but they are not satisfactory; and we are much inclined to agree with the editor, in the observations he makes on the subject of this and other theorems published by Fermat.

‘ This, like most of the other numerical theorems of this celebrated mathematician, was left by him without demonstration, and is one of those that have at present eluded the researches and investigations of several ingenious and able geometers; and the truth of it still rests on no other foundation than the bare assertion of Fermat, who probably had never demonstrated it himself, but having shown the impossibility of the two forms $x^3 + y^3 = z^3$ and $x^4 + y^4 = z^4$, he concluded generally that the equation $x^n + y^n = z^n$ was always impossible, and this I conceive to have been the method by which he fell upon many of his theorems, which have since been demonstrated by Euler and La Grange; and I am the more inclined to this opinion from the circumstance of Euler's having shown (in the *Act. Petro.*), that one of Fermat's theorems, though true in a great many cases, is not generally so. I am aware that Fermat mentions at page 180, of his edition of *Diophantus*, his being engaged on a work that would contain, “ *multa varia et abstrusissima numerorum mysteria*,” the non-appearance of which has been much regretted by mathematicians, a circumstance which they attribute to its falling into the hands of persons at his death who were unacquainted with its value. I am however rather inclined to suppose that his having failed in some of his principal demonstrations, which at the time of his writing the note abovementioned, he might have no doubt of being able to accomplish, determined him to suppress the work entirely. This is at least probable since his *Diophantus* and many of his other works were in manuscript at the time of his death, which happened in 1663.’ pp. 471, 472.

Our limits will not allow of our taking more than another quotation: it shall not, however, be a very short one; and we are sure it will be interesting and instructive to many of our mathematical readers.

• Every given number (n) may be reduced to the form

$$n = a^n b^m c^p d^q \&c.$$

by dividing it by each of its prime factors as often as it can be done without leaving a remainder; in which form the exponents $n, m, p, q, &c.$ represent the number of times that the given number n may be divided by the corresponding prime factors $a, b, c, d, &c.$ And hence follow several important properties relative to the factors of composite numbers.

• 1. First we shall evidently obtain from the continued multiplication of the formulæ

$$(1 + a + a^2 + \dots + a^n) \times (1 + b + b^2 + \dots + b^m) \times$$

$$(1 + c + c^2 + \dots + c^p) \times (1 + d + d^2 + \dots + d^q) \times \&c.$$

every factor that will divide the given number n ; because we thus obtain every possible combination of those letters.

Suppose, for example, all the divisors of 36 were required. Here $36=2^2 \cdot 3^2$, that is, $a=2$, $b=3$; $n=2$, and $m=2$; therefore $(1+a+a^2) \times (1+b+b^2) = 1+a+a^2+b+ab+a^2b+b^2+ab^2+a^2b^2$, hence the divisors sought are

$$1, 2, 4, 3, 6, 12, 9, 18, 36,$$

and in the same manner all the possible divisors of any given number may be readily discovered.

2. We may also, by means of the above formulæ, easily obtain the number of divisors of a given number, without absolutely finding the divisors themselves; for it is evident from inspection that this number will always be expressed by

$$(n+1) \times (m+1) \times (p+1) \times (q+1) \text{ &c.}$$

Suppose, for example, it were required to find how many divisors belong to the number 3600.

First, we have $3600=5^2 \cdot 3^2 \cdot 2^4$, that is, $m=2$, $n=2$, $p=4$: therefore,

$$(n+1) \times (m+1) \times (p+1) = 3 \times 2 \times 5 = 45,$$

so that 3600 has 45 divisors.

3. If it were required to find how many ways a number may be resolved into two factors, it would be found from the formula

$$\frac{1}{2} \times (n+1) \times (m+1) \times (p+1) \times (q+1) \text{ &c.}$$

being equal to half the number of its divisors. But if these last be odd, that is, if the given number be a square, we must add 1 to the number of the divisors, and then take half that sum, for the number of ways into which the given number may be resolved into two factors, because, in this case, two of the factors are equal to each other, being the roots of the given square.

4. To find a number that shall contain any given number of divisors. For example, to find a number having 36 divisors.

Divide 36 into any number of factors, as $36=2 \times 2 \times 3 \times 3$: hence we derive $m=1$, $n=1$, $p=2$, $q=2$: therefore a , b , c^2 , d^2 , is the number sought, where we may give to a , b , c , and d , any values at pleasure, providing they are prime to each other.

If $a=7$, $b=5$, $c=3$, and $d=2$, then $7 \times 5 \times 3^2 \times 2^2 = 1260$ which is the least number having 36 divisors.

5. Suppose it were required to find how many ways a given number may be resolved into two factors prime to each other.

In this case, the combinations no longer depend upon the exponents n , p , &c. for it would be just the same as if the number was expressed by a , b , c , d , &c. therefore calling the number of these factors we shall have 2^{k-1} for the number of ways which a given number may be resolved into two factors prime to each other.

Thus, for example, we have seen that 3600 contain 45 divisors, and therefore may be resolved 23 ways into two factors; but since it has but prime factors, we have $2^{3-1}=4$, for the number of ways into which may be resolved into factors prime to each other.

6. At present we have only been speaking of the number of the divisors of a given number, but it is evident that our first formula,

$$(1+a+a^2+\dots+a^n) \times (1+b+b^2+\dots+b^m) \times$$

$$(1+c+c^2+\dots+c^p) \times (1+d+d^2+\dots+d_q) \times \text{ &c.}$$

expresses the sum of those divisors, the same as

$$(n+1) \times (m+1) \times (p+1) \text{ &c.}$$

expresses the number of them. And on these two formulæ depends the whole theory of *Amicable Numbers**, which being rather a curious subject, we shall enter a little upon the investigation of the problem, the first solution of which is due to *Des Cartes*. See Vol. 3 of his Letters, and Genty's Discourse, entitled *Influence de Fermat sur son siecle*, page 123.

7. To find a pair of amicable numbers n and m .

Make $n = a^m b^n c^p$ and $m = \alpha^k \beta^l \gamma^r$ &c. then by the properties of those numbers and the foregoing formulæ,

$$(1+a+a^2 \dots a^m) \times (1+b+b^2 \dots b^n) \times (1+c+c^2 \dots c^p) \text{ &c.} = m+n$$

$$(1+\alpha+\alpha^2 \dots \alpha^k) \times (1+\beta+\beta^2 \dots \beta^l) \times (1+\gamma+\gamma^2 \dots \gamma^r) \text{ &c.} = n+m.$$

Because these formulæ include the whole number as one of its divisors, whereas in amicable numbers, the number itself is not considered as a divisor.

We see, therefore, in order that the numbers may be amicable, that these formulæ must be equal to each other, and each equal to $n+m$.

Now this is accomplished by finding such a power of 2, as $2^9=a$, that $3a-1=b$, $6a-1=c$, and $18a^2-1=d$ the numbers b , c , and d may be primes: then will

$$n = 2^9 + d, \text{ and } m = 2^9 + bc,$$

be the pair of amicable numbers sought.

For if we represent by f_N the sum of the divisors of n , and by f_m the sum of the divisors of m , we shall have by means of the foregoing formulæ

$$f_N = 2^{9+2} 1 \cdot (1+d) - 2^9 + d =$$

$$(4a-1) 18a^2 - 2a (18a^2-1) = m$$

$$f_m = (2^{9+2} 1) \cdot (1+b) \cdot (1+c) - 2^{9+1} bc =$$

$$(4a-1) 18a^2 - 2a (3a-1) \cdot (6a-1) = n$$

because, $1+2+2^2$ &c. $2^{9+1} = 2^{9+2} 1$, and $(b+1) \times (c+1) = 18a^2$, where it is evident, that the latter side of each of those equations are equal, and consequently the numbers n and m satisfy the conditions of the problem.

8. The difficulty therefore of finding amicable numbers is connected with that of finding the above specified conditions of a . And the reason that a is made to depend upon some power of 2, rather than upon another number, will be readily observed to be, because 2 is the only even prime number.

For if a was equal to the power of any odd number, then $(3a-1)$ could not be a prime; and if a was an even number, then $(1+a+a^2 \dots a^{k+1})d$ would not be the true ^{exp} _{we} expression for the sum of its divisors.

By making $a=1$, or $a=2$, shall have $n=284$, and $m=220$, which are the least pair of amicable numbers. pp. 447—450.

* Amicable numbers are those pairs of numbers in which the sum the divisors of each are equal to the other numbers.

From these specimens it will be seen that the present editor is at least sufficiently conversant with the subjects he attempts to elucidate. His notes certainly give additional value to a work otherwise highly valuable;—a work eminently calculated to direct the enquiries, and augment the knowledge, of all who wish to study the elements of this fascinating and useful department of science.

Art. II. *Essai sur l'Eloquence de la Chaire.* An *Essay on the Eloquence of the Pulpit*; together with *Panegyrics, Eulogiums, and Dissertations*. By Cardinal Maury, Archbishop of Montefiascone and Corneto, Member of the Imperial Institute, &c. A New Edition, considerably enlarged. Paris. 1810. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1271. Dulau and Co. Deboffe and Co.

THE first edition of the present work was published many years since; and soon after its appearance was very indifferently translated into English. This republication of the original is enlarged, we cannot say improved, by the addition of considerably more than an equal quantity of new matter.

The first idea that occurs to a reviewer on looking into these volumes, is the difficulty of reviewing them. Their contents are so miscellaneous, and arranged with so little regard to just method, that they bid defiance to analysis; and call for so much comment, as to make it almost impossible to give a satisfactory view of them in the restricted limits of a single article. We shall, therefore, be under the necessity of passing hastily along, slightly marking the general outline of the work, and occasionally dwelling upon the more interesting and important parts.

M. Maury sets out with an illustration of the eloquence of the pulpit, against which, we conceive many serious objections might be raised: he then discusses the means of impressing conviction on the audience—the advantages of self study—the mode of preparing oratorical compositions—the plan of a sermon, its connexion with the text, and its progressive management. The following cautions against the abuse of talent are spirited and judicious.

'Is it only for yourselves that you engage in the public ministry of the Gospel? Is it for you, and for the gratification of your vanity, that Religion assembles her children in her churches? You do not think it; you would at least blush to say it;—but it matters not, I will, for an instant, consider you as the mere orator. Tell me then, what is eloquence? Is it the miserable imitation of the criminal, who is forcibly described by an ancient satirist as "babbling in nice antitheses the charges urged against him?" *Crimina librat in antithetis.* Pers. Sat. 1. Is it the childish talent of clinging upon words, rounding periods, despising the simplicity of a

natural style full of strength and unction, symmetrising obscure and mannered phrases, and laboriously striving to pervert this holy and solemn exercise, into a vain and sacrilegious pastime? Is this then the notion you have adopted of this divine Art, which rejects frivolous decoration, which controuls the largest assemblies, goes direct to the conscience, instead of stooping to trifle with the imagination, and gives to an individual the most personal and august of all species of sovereignty, the absolute empire of the heart?

From this M. Maury passes on to the exordium—the exposition of the subject—the succession of ideas—the eloquence of the bar—Cicero—Demosthenes. The character of the eloquent Grecian is ably drawn.

‘ Irresistible strength of reasoning, overwhelming rapidity of eloquence, are the characteristics of the Athenian orator. He writes only that he may give vigour, glow, and vehemence to his thoughts. He speaks, not like an elegant writer, solicitous for admiration; but like an inspired and impassioned man, oppressed and agitated by the force of truth, and whose powers are concentrated and irritated by his hatred of tyranny; like a citizen, dreading the greatest of misfortunes, and unable longer to restrain the fire of his indignation against the enemies of his country. The daring character of his style is the result of the hardy and picturesque simplicity of his expressions; when he descends to familiarity he becomes sublime. His ascendancy is irresistible: every thing yields to the despotism of his eloquence, enriched with all the inexhaustible treasures of his intense imagination. He is the champion (*l'athlète*) of reason: he defends her, with all the energy of his soul; and the tribunal whence he speaks is transformed into an arena. He overwhelms his fellow citizens with reproaches; but he is only the herald and interpreter of their repentance. Does he refute an argument? A simple question is his only answer, and the objection is at rest for ever. Does he wish to rouse the Athenians against Philip? He ceases to be the orator: he becomes the general—the king—the prophet,—the guardian genius of his native land; and when he seeks to inspire his hearers with the dread of bondage, we seem to hear, at dreary and approaching intervals, the clank of the fetters which the tyrant brings.’

To Demosthenes succeeds Bossuet, “the God of” his Eminence’s “idolatry.” The extravagance with which he eulogizes this extraordinary man, is unbounded. He styles him, ‘in all the modes of composition which he invented or adopted, the greatest and most exquisite genius that ever adorned literature; and who may be placed, with just confidence, at the head of all writers ancient or modern, who have displayed in their greatest perfection the powers of the human mind.’ Not satisfied, with this absurd assumption he repeats and expands it in a note; where he claims for his idol a proud superiority over Homer, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Cicero, Tacitus, Leibnitz, Newton, and Pascal. Jortin, no mean authority, was of a different opinion, who

he said of Bossuet, that he “attacked Grotius as a dangerous author and a Socinian; and made remarks upon him which are mere declamation and verbiage. *It is one thing to be Bishop of Meaux, and another thing to be Hugo Grotius!*”

That Bossuet was a great man, is unquestionable; that he was a bad man is we fear equally true. The lofty character of his conceptions, the energy and intrepidity of his eloquence, the vigour and raciness of his style, have not, perhaps,—for we do not say this without hesitation—met, with equal richness of combination, in any other Frenchman:—in more than one author of our own country, we are certain, they have been equalled and surpassed. But in that bland and insinuating eloquence, which seizes and subdues the heart,—in that fascinating sweetness on which we repose, when fatigued with pomp and glare,—the proud, ambitious *orator* of Meaux, must yield to the mild, yet majestic *saint* of Cambrai. The powers of Fenelon, are not justly estimated either in this country, or in is own. Some of his sermons, are written with a rapid energy scarcely inferior to that of Bossuet; and, if in the celebrated contest between these illustrious rivals, the latter triumphed, his victory was not atchieved by superiority of talent, but by clamour, intrigue, and above all by the rooted hatred which the licentious and tyrannical Louis XIV. bore to the author of *Telemachus*,—that severe and immortal satire, on the vices of his life, and of his reign. Grace and feeling were unknown to Bossuet. His vigour often degenerates into harshness, his loftiness not unfrequently swells into bombast; his most brilliant passages are debased by coarseness and weakened by dilation; and his reasoning is almost uniformly marked by scholastic subtlety, and by the most disingenuous sophistry. The first of these degrading qualities is characteristic of all his polemical writings; and was especially exemplified in his conference with the protestant minister Claude: of the last, a most contemptible instance is to be found in his “*Exposition of the catholic faith.*”

Maury, and even Laharpe, (with all his faults a much better critic than the cardinal) affirms that Bossuet's “*Universal History*,” and his “*History of the Variations*,” are unequalled works; and that they ensure to France the superiority over all other nations in historical composition. The *Universal History* is so generally accessible, that we do not feel ourselves called upon to praise its few but splendid beauties, nor to censure its numerous and glaring defects. But as the *History of the Variations* is little known

in this country, except to theologians, we shall indulge ourselves in a very brief examination of its merits.

Considered as a work of *controversy*, there is something inexpressibly absurd in its very object. From the variations, and differences of opinion among the protestant churches and reformers, Bossuet would infer the necessity of an infallible head of the church; and from this, by a species of argumentation which can only be valid among those whose minds are trained to receive it, the infallibility of the church of Rome. It cannot be denied that he produces ample proof of the premises, but he fails most miserably, when he attempts to connect them with his conclusions. His skill in the construction and management of his charges, is as undeniably, as his perversion of fact, his subtlety and sophistry of reasoning, and his malignity of censure. But even admitting that the characters and quarrels of the reformers were as weak and odious as he represents them to be, how can they be made to affect the real question in agitation between the Catholics and Protestants,—the right of every man freely to frame, and to enjoy without molestation, his own religious opinions? As a work of *history* it is equally vicious; for the first duty of an historian is impartiality; and what portion of this indispensable quality is to be expected from a man, who evidently sets out with the determination, not to weigh and decide but to vilify and to condemn? And what freedom of inquiry, and fairness of estimate, can be anticipated from the partizan, who concludes his preface with this most curious admission,—“ *It is the characteristic of the heretic, that is, of him who thinks for himself, to be guided by his own convictions; and the distinction of the catholic, that is, the universal, to prefer the common sentiment of the whole church!* ” The style of the work, partakes of the usual excellences and defects of its author.

Mr. Maury next proceeds to remark on the influence of poetry on eloquence—the revolution effected by Bossuet in sacred oratory—the use of interrogation—the eloquence of Bridaine. This extraordinary man is described in glowing language; and his style of preaching appears to have borne a strong resemblance to that of our excellent Whitfield. Both these interesting missionaries were characterized by the same inexhaustible energy, the same fervid piety, and the same felicity of popular illustration. The following extract from Bridaine, although not remarkable for correct taste, must have produced a very powerful effect on those who heard it.

“ Whence, my brethren, do you derive your confidence, that your dy-

ing day is so remote? From your youth? Yes, you reply, I am as yet only 20—30 years old. Ah! you completely deceive yourselves. No, it is not that you have advanced 20 or 30 years, but that death has gained 20 or 30 years upon you; God has given you 30 years of grace, by suffering you to live: you are his debtor for these years; and they have brought you so much the nearer to that term, where death awaits you. Take heed then; eternity already marks upon your brow the fatal instant in which it will begin for you. Eternity! ah! know you what it is? It is a time piece, whose pendulum speaks, and incessantly repeats two words only, in the silence of the tomb—ever, never—never, ever—and for ever. During these fearful vibrations, a reprobate cries out—what is the hour? And the voice of a fellow-wretch replies, *Eternity!*

This impressive citation reminds us of Whitfield's vehement and truly sublime apostrophe to the Archangel Gabriel, so highly commended by David Hume.

With that unaccountable disregard of order and arrangement, which gives this work the appearance of a commonplace-book, rather than of a regular dissertation, the Cardinal passes from Bridaine to the choice of subjects, and thence to the causes of the degradation of pulpit-eloquence in France, which he attributes, and we think with considerable justness and acuteness, to a servile imitation of the *Petit Carréme* of Massillon. He then speaks of the celebrated preachers who have succeeded Massillon—of the Jesuit de Neuville—panegyrics and panegyrists—Flechier's oration at the funeral ceremony of Turenne—St. Vincent de Paul—portraits—compliments.

The mean and criminal practice of introducing the praises of the monarch into all sermons delivered in his presence, had become so uniformly the custom of the French pulpit, that any preacher who had neglected it, would have found his hardihood an insuperable bar, in his way to promotion—'I love,' says M. Maury, 'in Bossuet, the noble frankness with which he expresses his hesitation, in bestowing praise, lest he should displease; and above all, his fear of degrading himself by the appearance of flattery. There is an undefinable character of venerable apostolic austerity in his compliments, and an unconquerable antipathy to adulation.'—Now that this man of 'noble frankness', was one of the most servile sycophants that ever disgraced a pulpit, the following extract from his funeral eulogy, on the weak and sanguinary Le Tellier, will sufficiently prove.

'Warmed by these miracles, let our hearts overflow with admiration of the piety of Louis; let our acclamations rise to heaven; and let us address this new Constantine, this new Theodosius, this new Marcellus, this new Charlemagne, in the language of the 630 fathers of the Council of Chalcedon. You have confirmed the faith; you have exterminated the heretics; this is the illustrious work, the great feature of your

reign. *Through you heresy is destroyed.* God alone can have wrought this miracle. *King of Heaven, preserve the King of the Earth;* this is the prayer of the Church and its Bishops.'

It was the faithless and impolitic revocation of the edict of Nantes, which thus warmed the persecuting spirit of Bossuet; which stimulated him to praise the 'piety' of a hypocrite, a persecutor, and an habitual adulterer, and to compare with Theodosius and Charlemagne, a wretch who had nothing in common with them but their vices and their crimes.

His Eminence now enters on the consideration of style in its various modifications, which it is not here necessary to enumerate.

M. Maury, like nearly every other French writer on these subjects, excessively over-rates Bourdaloue. He has, it is true, the good sense to 'desire more strength of pathos, more ardour of genius, more of that sacred fire which glowed in the soul of Bossuet; and especially more splendour and versatility of imagination.' It is, however, rather unfortunate that of all those qualities which his eulogist wishes Bourdaloue to possess in a higher degree, he has not the smallest portion. The eloquence of the celebrated Jesuit is calm, equable, rational, and too frequently dull. Specimens of good reasoning, and admirable arrangement, may readily be found in his discourses; but whoever may read them, expecting to find either 'pathos,' 'fire,' 'genius,' 'imagination,' or, indeed, in the just sense of the term, eloquence, will inevitably be disappointed.

But the great rival of Bossuet is yet behind; and it is amusing to see with what tiny industry our cardinal labours to keep the splendid powers of Massillon in the shade, lest they should eclipse the glory of his idol. He ekes out his shreds of praise with the most cautious parsimony; and seems to be constantly upon the watch that no expression fall from him, that may in the least diminish the supremacy of 'the eagle of Meaux.' Massillon is 'a writer of the first order'; he possesses the 'talent of writing' in an incomparable degree; his sermons are 'justly ranked among the best written works of French literature.' What wretched avarice of praise is this! We agree with M. Maury, that the genius of Bossuet was of a loftier range, that it was more original, that it dwelt in depths which the mind of Massillon could never fathom: but the eloquence of the latter is of a purer kind; and has a power and pathos that the former never knew. Bossuet commands the intellect and rules the imagination; but Massillon sways the affections, and reigns over the heart in all the despotism of fascination. The style of Bossuet is dense, vigorous, and elevated; it demands a strenuous and protracted

effort of the mind to comprehend its abrupt transitions, its lofty level, and its high abstractions. It is the happy property of the eloquence of Massillon, that it is adapted to all; its purity, its elegance, its full and sustained tone, endearing it to the man of taste and imagination, while its flow, its feeling, and its glowing rapidity enchant the multitude. That Massillon, indeed, has his faults, is sufficiently obvious to those who know how closely his peculiar excellencies are allied to particular defects;—his richness too often palls; his ornaments are occasionally meretricious; his eloquence is at times weak from excess; and his glow and rapidity forced and artificial. But it is equally certain, that the faults of Bossuet are of a much less pardonable cast. He is frequently subtle, scholastic, and, consequently, obscure; his comparisons are far-fetched; his transitions *missed* and unimpressive; and it is too much the general character of his composition, that it is hard, cold, and ungraceful.

After some observations on Saurin, in which ample justice is done to that celebrated writer, M. Maury enters upon the consideration of the eloquence of the English pulpit; and if supreme self-conceit, unbounded nationality of prejudice, and despicable ignorance of his subject, are the proper qualifications for such a disquisition, his Eminence is certainly, in these respects, the best furnished of any author we have ever met with. He evidently does not understand the English language; does not even know the names of many of our best divines; and yet is well contented to involve in one bold and sweeping anathema the large and invaluable mass of our sacred eloquence! The brilliant imagination, the strong reasoning, the powerful feeling of Jeremy Taylor, the expansive vigour of Barrow, the grappling energy of South, the graceful ease of Atterbury,—with the various excellencies of a whole host of others—are all to be passed over in silent contempt, because it suits the ignorant prejudice of Cardinal Maury to take his estimate of English oratory from a wretched translation of Tillotson, and another, probably not much better, of Blair.

' My advantage would be too apparent, if I were to cite before the tribunal of public taste, the talent of Barrow, another sermonizer whom the English hold in high esteem, although he be, by their own confession, very inferior to Tillotson.'

The sheer impudence, the genuine French effrontery of this passage is exquisite. It is plain that M. Maury has never read Barrow,—that he knows nothing at all about him;—but he has met with the name, he has found it rated high in the scale of excellence, and rather than encounter any thing that might happen to disturb his gratifying dream of vanity, he

invents his inferiority to Tillotson, and passes him by with a sneer. Few Frenchmen have understood our language sufficiently to discriminate justly the beauties and the defects of our writers. If the most literal and inadequate rendering of an English word or phrase happen to shock the taste, the ear, or the prejudices of a French critic, he takes it for granted that the original must share the fate of the translation. This has always been a favorite system of attack with our fastidious and envious neighbours. Voltaire adopted it to conceal his plagiarisms; Laharpe in humble imitation of Voltaire; and Maury for the gratification of his personal and national vanity and prejudice.

We recollect, with a feeling of despondency, that there now exists in this country a man who, with the lofty tone of Bossuet and the rich fluency of Massillon, unites the graceful tenderness of Fenelon, and the brilliancy of Poulle. Yet this great and excellent man obstinately sacrifices to a mistaken and injurious humility, the ardent wishes of his friends, the honour of his country, and the improvement of mankind.

The remaining part of the essay contains some sound criticism and useful instruction, mixed, however, with irrelevant matter, and with directions tending to the exclusion of nature and simplicity, and to the adoption of a studied and artificial manner.

We have devoted so much space to the more important part of these volumes, that we can but slightly notice the remainder, containing a panegyric of St. Louis, and another of St. Augustin, a dissertation on the sermons of Bossuet, the *elogie* of Fenelon, the *elogie* of the Abbé de Radonvilliers, M. Maury's speech on his reception into the Imperial Institute, and the reply by the Abbé Sicard.

All these *opuscula* exhibit splendid powers of declamation and a profound study of the art of oratorical composition but beyond this we can say nothing in their favour. They teem with errors both of reasoning and of fact; and too often exhibit those fantastic turns of expression, those quaint antitheses, and those *coups de théâtre* which a Frenchman is eternally mistaking for genuine eloquence. For instance, describing the conversion of Augustin, he indulges himself in the following elaborate piece of bad writing:

‘ Alone, in the midst of his (Augustin's) uncertainties, he addresses his inquiries to every sect, and receives only the answer of death; he resists, he yields, he departs, he returns, he struggles, he gives way, he murmurs, he groans, he trembles. Insensibly his system fails, his supports escape from his grasp. Then Monica prays, Ambrose thunders; the decree of grace is pronounced from the pulpit of Milan, or rather from the throne of the eternal; Augustin is laid prostrate; Augustin is raised

up; and faith humbles him at the feet of his conqueror Ambrose, who after immortalizing himself by this noble conquest of his zeal and genius, crowns, by anticipation, the Hero of Religion, by pouring on his brow the sacred stream of baptism.'

The panegyric on Augustin is, however, notwithstanding its full share of faults, an able and an intrepid, perhaps an impudent production. It was delivered at Paris, before the assembled clergy of France; and was generally understood, and most keenly felt, as a bold and just censure of the lives and characters of the French prelacy. It has, however, been the constant misfortune of the Cardinal Maury never to be able to gain credit for purity of intention; and it was generally suspected that he had in view, not so much the reformation of his audience, as to procure some high promotion as the purchase of silence. A bishopric was certainly his object; and he even desisted from soliciting a seat in the French academy, from the suggestion, that many bishops had been made academicians, but that no academician had ever been made a bishop.

We are persuaded that the contents of the present volumes will by no means tend to remove the suspicion which has always attached to the character and principles of M. Maury. His morals have been severely arraigned, and feebly defended; and he has shewn, through the whole of his career, that ambition has ever been the prevailing impulse of his mind. To this, indeed, he has now irretrievably sacrificed his reputation; for after having signalized himself as the servile champion of the ancient monarchy, and devoted himself as the martyr of loyalty, he has recently sworn allegiance to a new and illegitimate dynasty, and become the servile flatterer of a ferocious usurper, stained with the blood of a Bourbon, and pursuing with unrelenting barbarity the last remnant of that ill-fated family. With a meanness and consistency not easily paralleled, M. Maury has, in the very same discourse, eulogized the memory of the unfortunate Louis VI. and fawned upon his persecutor in a strain of sycophancy the most abject and degrading!

III. *Tales of Fashionable Life*, by Miss Edgeworth, Author of Practical Education, Belinda, Castle Rackrent, Essay on Irish Bulls, &c. 12mo. 3 vols. pp. 1100. Price 18s. Johnson. 1809.

Now the supposition, or the chance, that any small number of our readers may not have taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the distinguishing qualities of the productions of a writer, who has already contributed the amount of more than twenty volumes to the otherwise scanty stock of our literature,—and, if we may

judge from the short interval between the works in the latter part of the series, is likely at the very least, to double the number,—it may not be amiss to set down a very few observations, suggested chiefly by the perusal of one portion of her performances, though it belongs by its form to a department over which we do not pretend any right of habitual censorship.

It is evident this writer has a much higher object than merely to amuse. Being very seriously of opinion that mankind want mending, and that she is in possession of one of the most efficacious arts for such a purpose, she has set about the operation in good earnest. But when any machine, material or moral, is wrong, there are a few very obvious prerequisites to the attempt to set it right. The person that undertakes it should know what the machine was designed for; should perceive exactly what part of its present action is defective or mischievous; should discern the cause of this disordered effect; and, for the choice of the implements and method of correction, should have the certainty of the adept, instead of the guesses of the tampering experimenter, or the downright hardihood of ignorant presumption. When the disordered subject to be operated on is a thing of no less importance than human nature, it should seem that these prerequisites are peculiarly indispensable; and the existence ought to be inferable from the operator's boldness, if we see him putting to the work so confident a hand as that of our author. A hand more confident, apparently, has very seldom been applied to the business of moral correction; and that business is prosecuted in manner so little implying, on the part of our author, an acknowledgement that she is working on a subordination ground, and according to the lowest class of the principle of moral discipline,—and therefore so little hinting even the existence of any more elevated and authoritative principles, that she is placed within the cognisance of a much graver sort of criticism than would at first view appear applicable to a writer of tales. She virtually takes her rank among the teachers who profess to exhibit the comprehensive theory of duty and happiness. She would be considered as undertaking the treatment of what is the most serious and lamentable, as well as what is most light and ridiculous, human perversity; and according to a method which at events cannot be exceeded in soundness, however it may prove in point of efficacy.

Now when we advert to the prerequisites for such an undertaking, we cannot repress the suspicion that our author is unqualified for it. It is a grand point of incompetency

If she is totally ignorant what the human race exists for. And there appears nothing in the present, or such other of her works as we have happened to look into, to prevent the surmise, that this question would completely baffle her. Reduce her to say what human creatures were made for, and there would be an end of her volubility. Whether our species were intended as an exhibition for the amusement of some superior, invisible and malignant intelligences; or were sent here to expiate the crimes of some pre-existent state; or were made for the purpose, as some philosophers will have it and phrase it, of *developing the faculties of the earth*, that is to say, managing its vegetable produce, extracting the wealth of its mines, and the like; or were merely a contrivance for giving to a certain number of atoms the privilege of being, for a few years, the constituent particles of warm upright living figures;—whether they are appointed to any future state of sentiment or rational existence;—whether, if so, it is to be one fixed state, or a series of transmigrations; a higher or lower state than the present; a state of retribution, or bearing no relation to moral qualities;—whether there be any Supreme Power, that presides over the succession and condition of the race, and will see to their ultimate destination,—or, in short, whether there be any design, contrivance, or intelligent destination in the whole affair, or the fact be not rather, that the species, with all its present circumstances, and whatever is to become of it hereafter, is the production and sport of chance,—all these questions are probably undecided in the mind of our ingenious moralist. And how can she be qualified to conduct the discipline of a kind of beings of the nature and relations of which she is so profoundly ignorant? If it were not a serious thing on account of its presumption, would it not be an incomparably ludicrous one on account of its absurdity, that a popular instructor should be most busily enforcing a set of principles of action—not as confessedly superficial and occasional, and merely subservient to a specific purpose, but as fundamental and comprehensive—while that instructor does not know whether the creatures, whose characters are attempted to be formed on those principles, are bound or not by the laws of a Supreme Governor, nor whether they are to be affected by the right or wrong of moral principles for only a few times twelve months, or to all eternity?—Here an admirer of Miss E.'s moral philosophy might be expected to say, “But why may not our professor be allowed to set these considerations out of the question; since many things in the theory of morals are very clear and very important independently

of them? Integrity, prudence, industry, generosity, and good manners, can be shewn to be vitally connected with our immediate interests, and powerfully enforced on that ground, whether there be or be not a Supreme Governor and Judge, and a future life; and why may not our instructor hold this ground, exempt from the interference of theology? What we see we know: we can actually survey the whole scope of what you call the *present* life of human creatures, and can discern how its happiness is affected by the virtues and vices which our professor so forcibly illustrates; and why may it not be a very useful employment to teach the art of happiness *thus far*, whatever may ultimately be found to be the truth or error of the speculations on invisible beings and future existences?"

To this the obvious reply would be, first—in terms of identical import with those we have already used—that the ingenious preceptress does not give her pupils the slightest word of warning, that it is *possible* their moral interests may be of an extent infinitely beyond any thing she takes into account: that if the case is so, her philosophy however useful to a certain length, in a particular way, cannot but be infinitely inadequate as a disciplinary provision for their *entire* interests; and that, therefore, in consideration of such a possibility, it is their serious duty to inquire how much more it may be indispensable to learn, than she ever professes to teach them. She does not tell them, and would deem it excessively officious and fanatical in any one that should do it for her, that if there be any truth—nay, if there be the bare *possibility* of truth—in what religionists believe and teach—a philosopher like her cannot be admitted as competent to contribute to the happiness of mankind, in a much higher capacity than the persons that make clothes and furnish houses. She may not, in so many words, assert it would be idle or delusive to think of proposing any superior and more remotely prospective system of moral principles: but all appearances are carefully kept up to the point of implying as much; and we apprehend she would be diverted, or would be fretted, just as the mood of her mind happened at the moment to be, to hear a sensible person, after reading her volumes, say,—‘very just, very instructive, on a narrow and vulgar ground of moral calculation; it is well fitted to make me a reputable sort of man, and not altogether useless, during a few changes of the moon: if I were sure of ending after a few of those changes, in nothing but a clod, I do not know that I should want any thing beyond the lessons of this philosopher school: but while I believe there is even a chance of higher destiny, it is an obvious dictate of common sense

that it cannot be safe, and that it would be degrading, to attempt to satisfy myself with a little low scheme of morality, adapted to nothing in existence beyond the mere convenience of some score or two of years, more or less.' Our first censure is, then, that setting up for a moral guide, our author does not pointedly state to her followers, that as it is but a very short stage she can pretend to conduct them, they had need—if they suspect they shall be obliged to go further—to be looking out, even in the very beginning of this short stage in which she accompanies them, for other guides to undertake for their safety in the remoter region. She presents herself with the air and tone of a person, who would sneer or spurn at the apprehensive insinuated inquiry, whether any change or addition of guides might eventually become necessary.

But, secondly, our author's moral system—on the hypothesis of the truth, or possible truth, of revelation—is not only infinitely deficient, as being calculated to subserve the interests of the human creatures only to so very short a distance, while yet it carefully keeps out of sight all that may be beyond; it is also,—still on the same hypothesis—perniciously erroneous as far as it goes. For it teaches virtue on principles on which virtue itself will not be approved by the Supreme Governor; and it avowedly encourages some dispositions, and directly or by implication tolerates others, which in the judgement of that Governor are absolutely vicious. As to the unsound quality of the virtue here taught, it would be quite enough to observe, that it bears no reference whatever to the will and laws of a superior Being. It is careless, whether there is such a Being,—whether, if there be, men are accountable to him, or not,—whether he has appointed laws,—whether he can enforce them,—whether he can punish the refusal to obey them. In short it is a virtue that would *not be practised for his sake*; which is to be practised solely under the influence of other considerations; and which would be, at the dictate of those considerations, varied to any extent from any standard alleged to bear his authority. It is really superfluous to say that, on the religious hypothesis, such a virtue is utterly spurious, and partakes radically of the worst principles of vice. It is, besides, unstable in all its laws, as being founded on a combination of principles undefined, arbitrary, capricious, and sometimes incompatible. Pride, honour, generous impulse, calculation of temporal advantage and custom of the country, are convened along with we know not how many other grave authorities, as the components of Miss Edgeworth's moral government—the

Amphictyons of her legislative assembly. These authorities being themselves subject, singly or collectively, to no one paramount authority, may vary without end in their compromise with one another, and in their enactment of laws; so that by the time Miss E. comes to write her last volume in the concluding year of her life, she may chance to find it necessary—in maintaining a faithful adherence to them through all their caprices—to give the name of virtues to sundry things she now calls vices, and *vice versa*. There can be no decisive casuistry on the ground of such a system; and it would be easy to imagine situations in which the question of duty would, even under the present state of that moral legislation which she enjoins us to revere, put her to as complete a nonplus as the question, ‘What was man made for?’—She is, however, dexterous enough, in general, to avoid such situations. It must be acknowledged, too, that perhaps the greater part of the moral practice which she sanctions, is, taken *merely* as practice, disconnected from all consideration of motives and opinions, substantially the same that the soundest moralist must inculcate,—unless his lectures could be allowed to be silent on the topics of justice in the transactions of business, the advantages of cultivating a habit of general kindness and liberality, exertions for amending the condition of the poor, patient firmness in the prosecution of good designs, with various other things of a character equally unequivocal. But there are some parts of her practical exhibitions unmarked with any note of disapprobation, where a Christian moralist would apply the most decided censure. She shews, for instance, a very great degree of tolerance for the dissipation of the wealthy classes, if it only stop short of utter frivolity or profligacy, and of ruinous expence. All the virtue she demands of them may easily comport with a prodigious quantity of fashion, and folly, and splendour, and profuseness. They may be allowed to whirl in amusements till they are dead sick, and then have recourse to a little sober useful goodness to recover themselves. They are indeed advised to cultivate their minds; but, as it should seem, for the purpose, mainly, of giving dignity to their rank, and zest and sparkle to the conversations of their idle and elegant parties. They are recommended to become the promoters of useful schemes in their neighbourhoods, and the patrons of the poor; but it does not appear that this philanthropy is required to be carried the length of costing any serious per centage on the incomes. The grand and ultimate object of all the intellectual and moral exertions to which our author trying to coax and prompt them, is, confessedly,—sel-

complacency ; and it is evident that, while surrounded incessantly with frivolous and selfish society to compare themselves with, they may assume this self-complacency on the strength of very middling attainments in wisdom and benevolence.

Another gross fault, (on the supposition, still, that religion may chance to be more than an idle fancy) is our author's tolerance of profaneness. As to some of the instances of what every pious man would regard as profane expressions, either absolutely or by the connexion in which they are put, she will say, perhaps, that they are introduced merely as a language appropriate to the characters ; and that those characters were never meant for patterns of excellence. This plea is of little validity for any narrator but the historian of real facts, who has but a partial option as to what he shall relate. In a merely literary court indeed it might go some length in defence of a fictitious writer ; but let religion be introduced among the judges in such a court, and the decision would be, that minute truth of fictitious representation involves no moral benefit adequate to compensate the mischief of familiarising the reader's mind to language, which associates the most solemn ideas with the most trifling or detestable. But this happens, in the present instance, to be a needless argument ; for the broadest and vilest piece of profaneness comes out in one of what are intended as the *finest* moments, of one of what are intended as the *finest* characters, in all these volumes. The character,—a spirited, generous, clever fellow, evidently a high favourite of our author,—is young Beaumont, in the tale entitled '*Manœuvring*', in the third volume ; the moment is when he is exulting (p. 78.) at the news of a great naval victory, in which his most esteemed friend is supposed to have had a share.

We will only add, in order to get to the end of this homily of criticism, that our author's estimate of the evil of vice in general, excepting such vices as are glaringly marked with meanness or cruelty, appears to be exceedingly light in comparison with that which is taught in the school of revelation. And, consistently with this, the sentiments of penitential grief which she attributes to one of her principal characters, Lord Glenthorn, whom she reforms from a very great degree of profligacy, are wonderfully superficial and transient : nay he is even made, in the commencement of his reformation, to reckon up the virtues of his past worthless and vicious life, with a self-complacency which far over-balanced his self-reproaches. And indeed those self-reproaches, when they were felt, had but extremely little of the quality of what, in Christian lan-

guage is meant by repentance: they are made to have expressed themselves much more in the manner of mortified pride. And this, again, is in perfect consistency with the motives to virtue on which the chief reliance appears to be placed throughout these volumes: for the most powerful of those motives is pride. To manœuvre this passion in every mode which ingenuity can suggest; to ply it with every variety of stimulus, and contrive that at each step of vice something shall happen to mortify it,—if possible, according to the regular and natural course of cause and effect, if not, by some extraordinary occurrence, taking place at the will of the writer,—and that each step of virtue shall be attended by some circumstance signally gratifying to it,—this is the grand moral machinery of our moralist and reformer. And indeed what else could she do, or what better, after she had resolved that no part of her apparatus should be put in action by ‘the powers of the world to come?’ For as to that intrinsic beauty of virtue which philosophers have pretended to descry and adore, *this* philosopher knew right well how likely it was that such a vision should disclose itself, with all its mystical fascinations, to the frequenters of ball-rooms and card-tables, of galas and operas, of gambling houses and brothels.

Thus denied, by the quality of the subjects she has to work upon, the assistance of all that has been boasted by sages as the most refined and elevated in philosophy,—and by the limits of her creed, probably, as well as the disposition of her taste, the assistance of those principles professing to come from heaven, and which, whencesoever they have come, have formed the best and sublimest human characters that ever appeared on earth,—our moralist would be an object of much commiseration, if she did not manifest the most entire self-complacency. Yet it is but justice to say that she does not attribute any miraculous power to those sordid moral principles, on the sole operation of which she is content to rest her hopes of human improvement. For on Lord Glenthorn, the hero of the longest and most interesting of these tales, she represents this operation as totally ineffectual till aided by the discovery that he is no Lord; having been substituted in his infancy for the true infant peer by Ellinor O'Donoghoe the inhabitant of a dirty mud cabin, his mother, and the peer's nurse. And the subject which is thus made to illustrate the ineffectual is, notwithstanding, represented as naturally endowed with very favourable dispositions and very good talents. In the stories of ‘*Almeria*’ and ‘*Manœuvring*’ the utmost powers of the reforming discipline are honest

represented as fairly baffled, from beginning to end, the culprits adhering to their faults and follies with inviolable fidelity,—leaving our moral legislator no means of vindicating the merits of her system, but to shew that the pride, and other inglorious principles, by the operation of which a reform of conduct was to have been effected, if they cannot amend the subjects of her discipline, can at least make them wretched. And so she leaves them, with as much indifference apparently as that with which a veteran sexton comes away from filling up the grave of one of his neighbours. She does not even, as far as appears, wish to turn them over to Methodism, notwithstanding that this has the repute of sometimes working very strange transformations, and might as well have been mentioned as a last expedient worth the trying, in some of those obstinate desperate cases in which all the preparations from the great laboratory at Edgeworthstown, have been employed in vain. Perhaps, however, our author would think such a remedy, even in its utmost success, worse than the disease. Yet it would be a little curious to observe what she really *would* think and say at witnessing an instance in which a person, who had long pursued a foolish or profligate course in easy defiance of all such correctives as constitute her boasted discipline, being, at length, powerfully arrested by the thought of a judgment to come,—should forswear at once all his inveterate trifling or deeper immoralities, and adopt, and prosecute to his last hour, and with the highest delight, a far more arduous plan of virtue than any that she has dared to recommend or delineate. There have been very many such instances ; and it would be extremely amusing—if some ideas too serious for amusement were not involved,—on citing to her some indubitable example of this kind, to compel her to answer the plain question,—‘ Is this a good thing—yea or no ? ’

It was almost solely for the purpose of making a few remarks on the moral tendency of our author's voluminous productions, that we have noticed the work of which we have transcribed the title ; and we need say very few words respecting the other qualities of her books. For predominant good sense, knowledge of the world, discrimination of character, truth in the delineation of manners, and spirited dialogue, it is hardly possible to praise them too much. Most of her characters are formed from the most genuine and ordinary materials of human nature,—with very little admixture or any thing derived from heaven, or the garden of Eden, or the magnificent part of the regions of poetry. There is rarely any thing to awaken for one

moment the enthusiasm of an aspiring spirit, delighted to contemplate, and ardent to resemble, a model of ideal excellence. Indeed, a higher order of characters would in a great measure have precluded an exercise of her talents in which she evidently delights, and in which she very highly excels,—that is, the analysing of the mixed motives by which persons are often governed, while they are giving themselves credit for being actuated by one simple and perfectly laudable motive; the detecting of all the artifices of dissimulation; and the illustration of all the modes in which selfishness pervades human society. Scarcely has Swift himself evinced a keener scent in pursuit of this sort of game; a sort of game which, we readily acknowledge it is, with certain benevolent limitations, very fair and useful to hunt. And we must acknowledge too, that our author, while passing shrewd, is by no means cynical.—She is very expert at contriving situations for bringing out all the qualities of her personages, for contrasting those personages with one another, for creating excellent amusement by their mutual reaction, and for rewarding or punishing their merits or faults. She appears intimately acquainted with the prevailing notions, prejudices, and habits, of the different ranks and classes of society. She can imitate, very satirically, the peculiar diction and slang of each; and has contrived (but indeed it needed very little contrivance) to make the fashionable dialect of the upper ranks sound exceedingly silly. As far as she has had opportunities for observation, she has caught a very discriminative idea of national characters: that of the Irish is delineated with incomparable accuracy and spirit.—It may be added, that our author possessing a great deal of general knowledge, finds many lucky opportunities for producing it, in short arguments and happy allusions.—Unless we had some room for a distinct notice of each of the tales in these volumes it will be no use to mention that their titles are the following; *Ennui*—*Almeria*—*Madame de Fleury*—*The Dun*—and *Manceuvring* the first and the last each filling an entire volume.

Art. IV. *Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, in the Year MDCCCVI.* at the Lecture founded by the Rev. John Bampton M. A. late Canon of Salisbury. By John Browne, M. A. late Fellow of C. C. C. 8vo. pp. 320. Price 9s. Parker, Oxford; Rivington 1809.

IN choosing the theme of these lectures, Mr. Browne, it appears to us, has been rather unfortunate. The uniformity of the divine government is apparently a subject of great

tent and splendour: and yet, so far as it can be treated in a popular manner, it is a subject which admits of no great variety of argument or copiousness of illustration; and affords but few reflections that tend either to confirm our faith or to animate our devotion. A being of infinite wisdom, it may be assumed, will always adopt the plan most worthy of his attributes; and subordinate all the parts of the most extensive and complicated system of things, and series of events, to the accomplishment of his principal purpose. When we examine a single but complete production of divine wisdom, a human body, for example, we find the individual parts to be contrived with such exquisite skill, and, by their figure and position, so evidently conducing to the convenience and perfection of the whole,—as fully to bear out the inference, that, if we could take in, at one view, the entire extent of the moral government of the universe, we should discover a similar subserviency of parts to the whole, and an equal degree of order and harmony arising from what now appears jarring and confused. Having ascertained from reason as well as revelation, the chief design of God in the creation and government of the world, we may observe, in many instances, a wonderful adaptedness to his purpose, in the instruments he has at different times employed.—But here the subject is almost exhausted; and for the popular teacher it remains only—to repress the short-sighted arrogance which, without comprehending, would arraign the divine government of injustice, or folly, or unkindness—to awaken our gratitude to the Supreme Being who, in all his arrangements, has preserved so obvious a regard to the welfare and happiness of man—and to hold up the perfection of the mind, as that central point to which all our purposes and actions should verge.

Thus limited, however, is the subject of Mr. Browne's Bampton Lecture. The author seems, indeed, to have been in some measure aware of the scantiness of his materials, and has accordingly displayed considerable art in producing them to the requisite length. His style is flowing and declamatory: whatever essentially belonged to his subject he has dilated to its utmost limits; and has laboriously digressed into the numerous and fruitful common places that lay within tolerable distance of his path. On this account, perhaps, he merits praise. Keeping in mind the audience he was addressing, he seems to have preferred usefulness to originality; and has probably reflected that the reward would indeed be great, should his discourses in any degree contribute to render such an audience wise to salvation.

We are not sure, however, that Mr. B. has taken the most effectual way to accomplish so desirable a purpose. The

well known remark of Louis XIV. to Massillon,—“ My father, I have heard several great orators in my chapel, and have been well pleased with them, but, whenever I have heard you, I have been very much displeased with myself—” affords a most useful lesson to all Christian teachers. If they do not study to make those who hear them dissatisfied with themselves, they have little reason to expect that their labours will issue in the salvation of men. The great defect of the lectures before us is, that they have no tendency to remove that complacency in itself, which is so natural to the human mind. Had no opportunities been afforded to the preacher of turning the attention of his audience inward, and leading them to institute a comparison between what they were, and what they should be, to entitle them to the character of Christians, and qualify them for future blessedness, some apology might have been found in the subject. But, unfortunately, we have to complain, that the author, on several occasions, has neglected to improve those opportunities which did in course present themselves; and that he has employed others in too cold and heartless a manner to effect the reformation of his hearers, or even to excite in their minds an alarm however transient, or a compunction however slight and unavailing.

The first of these sermons is introductory; in which, however, all that is indispensable to the subject might have been despatched in the compass of two pages: the second is an epitome of scripture history, with a few remarks tending to solve difficulties, which are treated of in other parts of the work; and the last is a recapitulation of the preceding discourses. Of the eight lectures, therefore, five only are directly appropriated to the main design. In the course of his discussion, our author, as he acknowledges, has found the sermons of Saurin particularly serviceable. Besides the first hint of the subject, he has taken the liberty to borrow from the refugee, the divisions, the general illustrations, and many of his most valuable remarks. In fact, Mr. B.'s book is little more than an enlargement of Saurin's sermons on the same subject. We shall not attempt, therefore, to give any detailed analysis of its contents; but proceed at once to lay before our readers the leading idea of the work; an idea which appears in almost every other page, and which, if we may credit the learned author, is sufficient to solve all the difficulties that have hitherto perplexed divines, in treating of the different dispensations of religion.

In pursuance of a hint thrown out by the writer to whom he is so largely indebted, Mr. Browne maintains that the successive ages of the world bear the same analogy to each other as

the infancy, youth, and manhood of an individual. Assuming this as unquestionable, he proceeds to shew, that the knowledge God has gradually imparted, the worship he has prescribed, as well as the duties he has at different times enjoined,—together with the evidence that has, in various ages, been made use of to gain assent to the revelations of his will,—were exactly proportioned to the supposed infancy, youth, and manhood of the species. This conceit, to which such immense importance is attached, and which is so perpetually referred to in these sermons, is so pretty, that it is distressing to think it should be liable to any objections. Most unfortunately, however, it happens to be at variance with several of our author's own assertions. He maintains, for example, p. 22, that it is revelation alone which assures us that all things are under the superintendence of God. Yet, if the Almighty has conducted man through the different stages of moral and intellectual improvement, as his faculties have been developed in successive ages,—the means made use of for this purpose no more authorize us to infer that he has abandoned the government of the world, than a system of education, varied according to the progress of the pupil, would lead us to suspect the wisdom or goodness of the preceptor. Miracles, says our author, 'are a kind of evidence adapted to the condition of a gross and sensual people. They are evidences which come immediately home to their senses, and bring with them instant and decisive conviction. To appreciate them no previous knowledge is required, except what every man will readily acquire from his own observation, and that of his ancestors, with respect to the usual course of nature. No extensive acquaintance with the history of mankind is necessary towards making a due estimate of their force; they require rather the exercise of the senses than that of the intellectual faculties,' &c. p. 227. It might seem superfluous to say, that the evidence of miracles is the kind of evidence made use of to evince the truth of Christianity, did it not suggest a view of man precisely opposite to that of our ingenious author. On Mr. B.'s theory, it is natural to expect a more intellectual kind of evidence would have been adduced on behalf of Christianity, than on behalf of Judaism. But, as this is not the case, we are confirmed in supposing, that the relations afforded at different periods of the world, were designed rather to counteract the growing corruption of man, than as an accommodation to his expanding intellect and purified moral faculties. Such an opinion, it must be confessed, is much less honourable to man, than the conceit that runs through the volume before us. But it seems to be the view of things given in scripture; and it is even countenanced by

several parts of these lectures. ‘When men had become vain in their imaginations, and their foolish hearts were darkened; when the world, by wisdom, knew not God; it pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe.’ In the age of our Saviour, according to Mr. B.’s mode of thinking, mankind had nearly arrived at maturity: but, was it a maturity of wisdom and virtue, or of folly, of superstition, of impiety, and every kind of vice? The age of Moses, again, might be regarded as the ‘youth’ of the species, were not the cumbrous ritual of that legislator adduced by our author to prove that mankind was still in its ‘infancy,’ guided by the senses rather than by reason. It would be too tedious to quote passages from these lectures, which are irreconcileable with the notion Mr. B. is elsewhere so solicitous to inculcate;—and we shall conclude with observing, that if this notion were pushed to its legitimate consequences, we should be constrained to infer, that, while the reason of Socrates, or Plato, or Aristotle, was not sufficiently exercised, nor their faculties sufficiently matured, to qualify them to receive the pure and sublime articles of Christian truth—the savages of New Zealand, or the semi-barbarians of China, would find no difficulty at all, without even the intervention of miracles to overawe and confound them, in embracing the most spiritual revelation of heaven; since they live in an age in which all the faculties of the human mind are so much more fully developed, and have approached so much nearer to perfection.

Art. V. *Philosophical Transactions, of the Royal Society of London.*
For the year 1810. Part 1st.

(Concluded from p. 804.)

PROCEEDING in our analysis, the next paper we meet with is,

III. *The Case of a Man, who died in consequence of the Bite of a Rattlesnake: with an account of the Effects produced by the Poison.* By Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S. Read December 21, 1809.

The unfortunate subject of this communication was a young man, a carpenter, who, after having endeavoured to irritate a rattlesnake, of four or five feet in length, with a common foot-rule, imprudently introduced his hand into the cage, to regain the instrument which had accidentally slipped out of his reach. The animal bit him twice; making two wounds on the back part of the thumb, and two on the second joint of the fore finger. This happened at half

past 2 o'clock of the day (October 17, 1809.)—He went immediately to the shop of a neighbouring chemist, who, from his language and behaviour, conceiving the man to be intoxicated, gave him a dose of jalap, and made some common application to the wounds: the man, indeed, had been drinking, although before the accident there was nothing unusual in his manner. The hand began to swell almost immediately; and he went to St. George's Hospital, where he arrived about 3 o'clock, at which time the swelling had extended half way up the fore arm, and the skin was tense and very painful. When he was first seen, his skin was found to be cold, and his answers were incoherent; his pulse was 100, and he complained of sickness. Forty drops of Aq. Ammonia. pur. and 30 of Sulphuric \AA ther were given but rejected: the wounds were bathed with the solution of caustic ammonia; and the arm covered with linen moistened with camphorated spirit. The medicine was repeated frequently from that hour to half past 11 o'clock, when he was visited by Mr. Home. At that time,

‘The hand, wrist, fore-arm, and arm, were much swelled up to the top of the shoulder, and into the axilla. The arm was quite cold, and no pulse could be felt in any part, not even in the axilla, the swelling preventing me from feeling the axillary artery with any degree of accuracy. The wounds made on the thumb were just perceptible, those on the finger were very distinct. His skin generally was unusually cold. I took some pains to diminish his alarm, and found his mind perfectly collected; he said he hoped he should recover. At one o'clock in the morning of the 18th he talked indistinctly: his pulse beat 100 in a minute; the attacks of faintness came on occasionally.’ p. 77.

At eight the next morning, the swelling had not extended beyond the shoulder, although blood was extravasated under the skin as low as the loins,—giving the back and side a mottled appearance. The hand and arm were cold, but sensible of pain when pressed; and vesications had formed, under each of which there was a red spot in the cutis of the size of a crown piece. About 12, a starting of the limb came on: the whole arm had a livid appearance; and there was an obscure sense of fluctuation on the outside of the wrist and fore arm. A puncture was made; but the discharge of serous fluid was inconsiderable. The ammonia and \AA ther, which had been given with great assiduity, being constantly rejected, as well as brandy which had been also prescribed, they were discontinued; and two grains of opium were given every four hours. This was at 11 o'clock: the pulse was then hardly perceptible, the fainting fits were

frequent, and the vesications and the spots beneath had increased in size. Little change took place until the 28th, when a slough began to separate in the axilla; and on the following day an abscess, which had formed on the outside of the elbow was opened, from which about half a pint of a reddish brown coloured pus discharged. The poor man languished to the 4th of November when he died about four o'clock in the afternoon. The body was examined sixteen hours after death, when the arm was found to be in a state of extensive mortification; and where this had not taken place, there was a dark coloured offensive fluid, with shreds of cellular membrane floating in it between the skin and the muscles. The muscles had the natural appearance, except on the surface next the abscess. Blood was extravasated in the cellular membrane as far back as the loins, and on the right side of the chest. The morbid appearances in the cavities were such as might be produced by acute disease. Mr. H. has added to this narration two cases which were sent from India, and an experiment on the effect of the poison of a snake upon two rats, made by himself in the West Indies. The rat first bit died in a minute: the cellular membrane was found to be entirely destroyed, and the surrounding parts highly inflamed. The second was bit after sixteen hours by the same snake, and died in six hours with similar appearances. Mr. H. hence infers that the effects of the bite vary with the intensity of the poison; and he rejects the opinion, prevalent in India, that *eau de luce* is a specific for the bite of the *Cobra de Capello*.

‘When the poison is so intense, as to give a sufficient shock to the constitution, death immediately takes place; and when the poison produces a local injury of sufficient extent the patient also dies, while all the slighter cases recover. The effect of the poison on the constitution is so immediate, and the irritability of the stomach is so great, that there is no opportunity of administering medicines, till it has fairly taken place, and then there is little chance of beneficial effects being produced. The only rational local treatment to prevent the secondary mischief, is making ligatures above the tumified part, compress the cellular membrane, and set bounds to the swelling, which only spreads in the loose part under the skin; and scarifying the parts already swollen that the effused serum may escape, and the matter be discharged as soon as formed.’ pp. 87—88.

IV. *An Analysis of several Varieties of British and Foreign Salt, (Muriate of Soda) with a View to explain their Finess for different Economical Purposes.* By William Henry M. D. F. R. S. &c. Read January 25, 1810.

The subject of this paper is important even in a national point of view ; and it is executed with the ability and skill which Dr. H. has evinced in his former researches. His object is to ascertain if there be any real ground for the preference which is given to foreign over British salt, in the preservation of animal food. He describes the different processes employed in manufacturing the various kinds of salt in Cheshire, as well as Lymington and Scotland, where it is obtained from sea water ; and presents us, in a tabular form, with a comparative analysis of the different varieties with the principal foreign bay salts.

The foreign salt, it is well known, is prepared by spontaneous evaporation of sea water in shallow pits exposed to the sun and air ; and it appears from an examination of the table, that though the foreign salt is purer than that obtained from sea water by rapid evaporation, it is considerably less pure than the different varieties of Cheshire salt. The insoluble matter in foreign salt is chiefly alumine, coloured by oxide of iron : in sea salt obtained by rapid evaporation, it is a mixture of the carbonates of lime and magnesia, and silicious sand : in that prepared from Cheshire brine it is nearly pure carbonet of lime ; while in the rock salt it is chiefly marle, with sulphat of lime, and varies from 10 to 45 parts in 1000. The earthy muriates Dr. H. considers as owing to a portion of the mother liquor adhering to the chrystals ; of which he thinks the large ones hold proportionally less than the small ones. From these impurities Cheshire salt is remarkably free ; 1000 parts obtained by evaporation to dryness containing only 5 parts, while an equal quantity from sea water contained 213. Though salt owes its deliquescence chiefly to these earthy muriates, Dr. H. found that a piece of perfectly transparent rock salt, which was pure muriat of soda, absorbed moisture considerably, in a humid atmosphere.—The sulphates of lime and magnesia are found in all the varieties obtained from sea water ; while Cheshire salt contains the former only. The sulphat of magnesia is in the largest proportion in the salt obtained by rapid evaporation ; in the foreign salt, the quantity is very insignificant. The proportion of sulphat of lime is large in the foreign salt, which Dr. H. attributes to early deposition when the evaporation is carried on by artificial heat ; and in fact he found, that different portions of the same salt taken from the boiler at 2, 4, and 6 hours contained 6, 11, and 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ parts of sulphat of lime in 1000. The proportion of water in several of the varieties after being dried at 212°. varied from 3. to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent ; and

Dr. H. is hence disposed to consider it as an accidental ingredient. The quantities of fused lima cornea, obtained from two parts of three very pure varieties of salt, were 242, 239, 237.

It appears, therefore, that chemical analysis detects very little difference in the composition of the varieties of common salt, and that the properties attributed to them on the ground of experience must be assigned to some other cause. This, in the opinion of Dr. H. can only be the magnitude of the chrystals and their degree of compactness and hardness. Quickness of solution is known to be as the surface exposed ; and a salt whose chrystals are of a given magnitude ought therefore to dissolve four times more slowly than one whose chrystals have only half the size. That kind of salt therefore which has the hardest, largest, and most perfect chrystals will be best adapted to the purpose of packing fish and other provisions, because it will remain permanently, or dissolve very slowly ; while the small grained will answer equally well or better for striking the meat to be preserved, which is done by immersing it in saturated brine.

It is evident, therefore that neither in purity of composition, nor in mechanical properties does the foreign salt possess any real superiority over the large grained varieties of British manufacture ; and it is to be hoped that this able communication will contribute to remove the prejudices which at present exist on this subject. An account of the methods of analysis adopted in this investigation form the concluding section of the paper.

V. Description of an extraordinary Human Fœtus. In a Letter from Mr. Benjamin Gibson, Surgeon, to H. Leigh Thomas. Esq. F. R. S. Read February 8, 1810.

This communication is illustrated by two engravings.

VI. Observations on the Effects of Magnesia, in preventing increased Formation of Uric Acid ; with some Remarks on Composition of Urine. Communicated by Mr. William Brande, F. R. S. to the Society for the Improvement of Animal Chemistry, and by them to the Royal Society. Read February 22, 1810.

We are here presented with the result of some experiments made with a view to ascertain the comparative efficacy of fixed alkalies and magnesia, in preventing the excessive excretion of uric acid. The suggestion originated with Home ; and the cases detailed establish the important fact, that the morbid or excessive secretion of uric acid, is

more effectually remedied by a moderate use of magnesia, than by the liberal employment of the fixed alkalies. These cases are four in number. In one, the daily use of nine drams of sub-carbonat of soda, for some time, and afterwards of three drams of sub-carbonat of potash, had been kept up more than a year, with little or no advantage, and small calculi composed of uric acid were occasionally expelled; but the use of fifteen grains of magnesia three times a day produced an evident effect during the first week, and at the end of the third uric acid was only observed occasionally. The use of the magnesia was continued eight months; and during that period no calculi were expelled, nor was any material deposition of uric acid observed. The superior usefulness of magnesia appears to depend upon its insolubility, in consequence of which it remains a much longer time in the stomach; and its effects are much more slowly produced, than those of potash or soda, which from their solubility soon pass into the circulation. From experiments made on a healthy subject it appeared, that the effect of the subcarbonat of potash or soda upon the urine, is at its maximum in about a quarter of an hour after it is taken into the stomach, and ceases entirely in less than two hours. The effect of magnesia, taken under similar circumstances, was at its maximum in about six hours, when a distinct separation of the phosphates took place,—less copious however than that which is produced by the alkalies.

VI. *Biblia Hebraica*, or the Scriptures of the Old Testament, without points, after the Text of Kennicott; with the chief Various Readings, selected from his collation of Hebrew MSS. from that of De Rossi, and the Ancient Versions; accompanied with English Notes, Critical, Philological, and Explanatory, selected from the most approved Ancient and Modern, English and Foreign, Biblical Critics. Part I. comprising the Book of Genesis. 4to. pp. 54, Price 5s. Pontefract, printed by and for the Editor B. Boothroyd; London, Burditt. 1810.

WE view this commencement of an arduous work with pleasure, but not without anxiety lest the worthy author should make sacrifices to the interests of sacred learning, too great to be repaid. Some distinguished orientalists in past times have become working printers, from a generous motive of communicating to others the means of rivalling themselves. Such was the conduct of Raphegues, Erpenius, and Gutbirius, in order to diffuse a taste for Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac studies. But to them, much greater propriety than to their author (if indeed he ever wrote them,) might the verses have been ap-

plied, *Sic vos non vobis*, &c. The great Henry Stephens expended vast sums in promoting Greek literature,—and every scholar, to this day, enjoys the fruits of his labours; but died in a hospital, worn with vexations, and sunk in deep poverty. Mr. Boothroyd, we hope, will reap a happier harvest from the hard soil of biblical learning. The commencement of his work does him honour; and, if he can thus carry it *a capite ad calcem*, and especially if he make a few improvements, he will erect a lasting monument of his learning and public spirit.

The Hebrew Text is printed in a fair and handsome manner; and, as we judge from a partial reading and from the information of others, with an accuracy which is truly exemplary. Many readers, undoubtedly, would give the preference to a pointed text: but the space between the lines is sufficient to admit of the punctuation being inserted with a pen; and this, perhaps, would be an useful exercise. The received text is printed; but the editor conveys the means of judging on disputed readings, and frequently expresses his own opinion, by chasms, brackets, and a simple notation; by an *inner margin* for the different readings, and by his *notes*.

The Inner Margin, after the manner of J. J. Westein's Greek Testament, contains the editor's *selection* of various readings. In making this selection he informs us, in his advertisement, that he has proceeded on the principle of inserting (1.) all the various readings which are found in any of the ancient versions, whether supported by the authority of MSS. or not, and (2.) those readings from MSS. or editions which 'supply an acknowledged deficiency in the text': but 'when a various reading has no connection with the context, and is not supported by the authority of any of the versions,' he deems it 'wholly inadmissible.'

To make a selection of VV. RR. is, in any case, a difficult and extremely delicate task: but it becomes still more so in regard to a language whose idioms are so concise, abrupt, and imperfectly understood by modern Europeans as the Hebrew. A critic should be exquisitely skilled in all the cognate Asiatic dialects (viz. Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, and Ethiopic,) and particularly accustomed to employ his attainments in elucidating the Hebrew Scriptures, before he is competent to pronounce that an assigned variation is absolutely of no importance. We concur with Mr. Boothroyd in the high value which he sets on the ancient versions; but we cannot so under-rate the manuscripts as to approve the omission of any mention of such readings as are derived only from this source. Some

of those from which M. de Rossi made his collections, are said to be of the seventh or eighth century, and which, therefore, may be transcripts of MSS. of the third or fourth. Possibly peculiar readings may exist in some of them, and which agree with none of the versions. A reading of this description might be thought, perhaps, to have 'no connection with the context,' but yet might suggest a useful result to future critics, more patient or more fortunate.— We also feel an objection to the disregarding of omissions of any part of the received text, if they occur in MSS. only. We are aware that the principle of presumption in favour of the shorter readings will not hold in Hebrew, as it does in Greek and Latin, criticism; but we cannot go into the opposite extreme.

In the instances of additional words or clauses from the Septuagint, we observe that the editor has adopted a singular plan. Instead of inserting them in Greek, he presents them converted into Hebrew. Creditable as this method may be to his acquisitions in the latter language, we cannot approve of it as either necessary or useful. Few, we apprehend, would be so satisfied with reading these retranslations, as to omit referring to the Greek. It would have been better, as well as more easy, to have exhibited the mere text of the LXX.

It is a more serious fault, that Manuscripts are reckoned by their *number* only: e. g. "—2 mss.—4 mss.—31 mss.—" &c. In the present advanced state of criticism, this method cannot give satisfaction. If the work proceed, and we most sincerely wish it may proceed, we recommend to the indefatigable editor to adopt, in this respect, the plan of Doeberlein and Meisner's edition, which, though only a duodecimo, preserves the numeral designations of MSS. by Kennicott and de Rossi. A *catalogus codicum* will, of course, be necessary.

The reference from the text to the inner margin is by letters, upon a very simple and easy plan. We wish that, in this part, the septuagint had been noted by *σ*, instead of *a*. The former notation is not arbitrary, it is in current use, and it is adopted in the notes of the present work.

The *Notes* form about the half of each page, and are both critical and interpretative. The editor has interspersed his own remarks with liberal extracts and abridgments from the ancient Jewish Targumists and commentators, and from a numerous body of modern Christian critics and divines, particularly Buxtorf, Bochart, Dathe, Rosenmuller, Houbincant, Dimock, Pilkington, Shuckford, Kennicott, and Geddes. In this part we have observed many typographical er-

rors, though of an inconsiderable kind. It seems as if the attention of the editor had been exhausted in procuring the close accuracy of the text and the inner margin. The Greek citations are not only without the *accents* and the *spiritus lenis*, but are even destitute of the *spiritus asper*, and frequently of the *iota subscript*. We point out these particulars, not invitiously, but with the best wishes for the perfection and success of this laudable undertaking. Compared with the heavier toils of the edition, the care of preventing errors in the English parts must be easy. We cordially recommend the work to the friends of sacred learning; and wish the respectable editor life, health, and encouragement to conduct it to an honourable close.

Art. VII. *The Artist*; a collection of Essays, relative to Painting, Poetry, Sculpture, Architecture, the Drama, Discoveries of Science, and various other Subjects. Edited by Prince Hoare, 2 vols. Price 2l. 2s. Murray. 1810.

THE neglect of genius, and the consequent state of decay into which the arts have fallen, are constant themes of complaint with artists and those who write on subjects connected with Art. The justice of these accusations we can admit only to a certain extent. In every age, and in none more than in the present, there has been a numerous body of artists, who with a very limited quantity of talent, unite a most extravagant proportion of pride and conceit. It is by these men, the *oi πολλοι* of Art, that the cry of neglect has been generally raised; and it has, of late, been so often and so effectually repeated, that the good-natured patrons of the arts in this country, have been unusually assiduous in devising means for stilling the clamours of these importunate beggars. Institutions have been formed, and richly endowed, for the purposes of academical instruction, and of awakening genius from its slumbers by the prospect of patronage and fame. We would not, even were it in our power, discourage these charitable establishments; but we confess our scepticism as to their beneficial effects. We have, it is true, been told of rivals to Dow and Astade; but we have heard of no Rafaelles nor Angelos, of no Carraccis nor Poussins. We expect to be wearied out with the unmeaning and laborious productions of patient dullness, and surfeited with the insipid crudities of unscientific rapidity. For glow and richness, we shall have glare and tawdriness; for simplicity and chastity of form and hue, rigidity and rawness; for energy and fire, distortion and bombast; and for the commanding soul of genius, the frigid ravings of extravagance.

Our schools of art will pour forth a deluge of meek and modest mediocrity: the study of the antique and of the Italian masters will produce a race of artists without excellencies to redeem their intolerable faultlessness: but we shall look in vain for the appearance of such men as rendered illustrious the schools of Florence, Rome, Bologna, and Venice. A long and melancholy train will pass before us, like the nameless race of Banquo, shining with a dim and shadowy lustre, and gliding into darkness. These institutions, with their "rules and regulations"—their honorary medals and their more mercenary and mercantile premiums—will be the hotbeds of dullness, but the graves of talent. True genius is independent of these feeble aids. Opies and Romneys, Barrys and Wilkies, will come from the opposite extremities of the empire; and undiscouraged by difficulties, undismayed by opposition, will put to shame the puny nurslings of dilettanti-patronage, and sooner or later *command* admiration and reward. We shall, perhaps, be sneeringly questioned, how genius is to secure a subsistence while struggling with accumulated obstacles? We ask in reply, whether the silver palettes of the Adelphi, and the premiums of Pall Mall be likely to afford that subsistence? Let the experiment, however, be fairly tried. It cannot be productive of permanent injury; and we shall rejoice if the failure of our auguries of ill, prove us to be utterly destitute of the prophetic spirit.

The poets, though an equally meritorious, are a much more modest and unassuming race. We do not hear them prognosticating the ruin of the Empire, from the neglect of poetry,—nor clamouring for the honorary rewards of silver pens, and golden inkhorns, nor for the still more gratifying remuneration of well filled purses. Their appeal is to the present and the future age: their patrons are the public; and notwithstanding the want of poetical exhibitions, societies, and institutions, the muse has still her votaries, and posterity will confirm the meed that the universal voice has awarded to Campbell, Scott, Southey, Montgomery, Gifford and Crabbe.—But the artist will sneer at the mention of the Bard; for it is very much the fashion of the present day—among artists we mean—to claim a proud superiority for the painter and the sculptor. As we do not happen to be poets, we may safely pronounce this a most ridiculous assumption. Where are the proofs of this triumphant mastery of Art, and in what does it consist? We have not room, nor indeed inclination, to discuss this absurd question; but there is one point which we will take the present opportunity of making a few remarks.

Painting and sculpture, say the assertors of this strange doctrine, far exceed poetry in the power of *telling a story with effect*. Now, even if this were the case, they could only tell a story in part: they must confine themselves to one special moment of the transaction, and leave the connecting and explanatory details to the inquiry or the memory of the spectator. But they are so far from being able to tell a story, even in part, that they cannot tell it at all. The story of Laocoön and his sons, for instance, in Virgil, is a tale of exquisite beauty and effect. We sympathise with the Father, we venerate the priest, and we admire the intrepid patriot: we enter into the mystery of the scene: we mourn the inevitable fate of "Troy divine," or we hail the future triumph of the Greeks: we see the interposing hand of the deity; and shudder at the terrible vengeance of Minerva. But if we lose sight of Virgil, and look only at the sculpture, the interest of the scene is gone;—we see only three naked figures, probably father and sons, struggling in the tightening folds of serpents. Again, if we refer to the subject of the celebrated picture of Timanthes, nothing can be more impressive. The calm, stern steadiness of the sacrificer, the resignation of the innocent Iphigenia, the sympathizing soldiery, the grief of Menelaus, and the veiled agony of Agamemnon,—all combine to form a most interesting and expressive groupe. But suppress your previous knowledge of the subject, and the charm is destroyed: and you see nothing but a female, innocent or guilty, probably the latter, either about to be offered as an expiatory victim, or to be punished as the immediate object of divine vengeance. The grief of Menelaus is distinctly marked; but what is the situation, and what the feelings of the chieftain who has folded his robe round his head? Is it remorse, horror, rage or sorrow that he is so anxious to conceal? It is plain that the picture affords no solution of these difficulties; and we must, therefore, of necessity apply to other sources of information. It is to no purpose to say, that we are to include the previous knowledge of the subject: for the question in debate, is whether painting can or cannot *tell a story*; and if we must suppose the tale already told before the picture can be understood, it is evident that the picture alone cannot tell it.

To return to the subject with which we set out. It is very easy to account for the dismal wailings of those who are themselves neglected, and who, because they have with becoming modesty identified their own interest with the interest of the arts, complain of the neglect and decay of art. The fact is simply this—*the market is overstocked*. The son of the

artisan spoils his father's whitewashed walls with charcoal scratches ; and the enraptured parents, instead of whipping the mischievous urchin, hail the unmeaning scrawls as the first efforts of a future Apelles. Useful education is discarded : he is put under the tuition of the first dauber to whom chance or ignorance may direct them : at a certain period he is permitted to study the antique and the figure, under the casual inspection of a sneering R.A. ; and then, all-accomplished, and palpitating with anticipated triumph, presents himself to the world. The lottery—for it is a lottery—decides against him, and he must gain his livelihood as he may. He is too lazy “ to dig ;” but he is not “ ashamed to beg ;” and he rails against the neglect of art, and the want of public taste, while he levies contributions on the patience and the pockets of that very public, whose liberality and taste he so vehemently arraigns.

With respect to the work before us,—the perusal of which has suggested the preceding observations—although we have found it easy enough to form our opinion, we find considerable difficulty in expressing it. It will not be expected that we should analyse the substance, or arrange the scattered materials of these heterogeneous volumes. Still less would it be practicable for us to give such ample extracts as might be necessary to illustrate and justify a detailed criticism. Our estimate, then, must be brief and general ; and if any are inclined to question its justice, let them by all means refer to the work ;—it would be a piece of unjustifiable cruelty to insist upon their reading it.

When, however, we pronounce these volumes extremely uninteresting and uninstructive, we do not mean to say this without any exception ; and if the editor had selected some few papers, not his own,—abridged others,—given extracts from the remainder,—and included them within the modest limits of a foolscap 8vo. instead of republishing the whole in two dear and hypothetical quartos,—he would have deserved much better of his readers and reviewers. So exceedingly unimpressive have we found the perusal of these essays, that after having gone through the whole of the papers, trusting to our memory for the retention, as well of a few leading ideas, as of the general character, we were under the necessity of sitting down to a reperusal, before we could collect any thing in a *tangible shape*, by which to form a precise notion of the nature and worth, either of the whole, or of the various parts : and after all our labour, we have not been able to retain one valuable fact, one important idea, that has not long been familiar to us, and to every studious lover of art. If we were under an absolute necessity of characterizing this

collection, we should be under the necessity of doing it by negatives. It is not silly, neither is it wise. It is not vulgar, but it is by no means elevated. Happy arrangement, and luminous display, it has none; nor has it any tendency to throw light upon difficult and obscure subjects. It is not witty,—but here our negatives fail us—for it certainly is dull. The best articles, as it seems to us, are those contributed by Mr. Northcote; from whose essay "on the independency of painting on poetry," we extract the following just and discriminative character of Poussin.

' He was (if I may be allowed the expression) the *pedant* of painters. His subjects are often from the poets, his figures from the antique statues, and his expressions of the passions chiefly from the stage, or some other substitute for nature: he had a predilection for any helps, so he might avoid approaching that source. He had so little the habit of applying to nature for assistance, that it produced in him a painful awkwardness, whenever necessity obliged him to it; and, therefore, he is entitled the *learned* painter, in distinction from the *natural* painter. His expressions of the passions seem to have been made from description, or by receipts for expression; in consequence of which they have the appearance of being overcharged: it is this appearance which gives to his figures the air of hypocrites or pretenders to feeling, and is therefore apt to disgust, and to prevent our sympathy.'

' These are his greatest defects; yet it must be also remembered, that, mixed with that which ought not to be imitated, there is much in Poussin to be justly admired. It is most true also, that his expressions cannot be mistaken by the most vulgar observer, any more than you can mistake those of a mask; but then they are without that beautiful variety with which nature teems, without those nice differences which create the exquisite sympathy, the interest, which we find inspired by the works of Raffaelle. In Poussin it is the head and the hand we admire: in Raffaelle, the head, the hand, the heart, command our equal astonishment and delight.'

Art. VII. *Constance de Castile*; a poem, in ten Cantos. By William Sotheby, Esq. 4to. pp. 101. Price 11 5s. Cadell and Davies. 1810.

MR. Sotheby is an author of whom we have already had occasion to speak so favourably, that we are happy to encounter him again. Though not ranking among the most popular poets of the day, he has undoubtedly attained a celebrity sufficient to fix a considerable share of public attention on any thing which may proceed from his pen. His compositions are less distinguished by original images and forcible conceptions, than by a studious polish and correctness; and the author seems more capable of imitating beauties which have been produced by others, than of striking out any new and peculiar graces of his own. As might naturally be expected his success has been

greatest in translation. Preserving a due regard to the peculiarities of his original, he is nevertheless wholly exempt from servile constraint; and combines the two most essential qualities of a translator—fidelity and spirit—in a degree, that few if any of his contemporaries have exceeded. It does not always happen however that the same person is equally fitted to 'shine in courts and walk the plain'; and to us we confess, Mr. Sotheby appears to move far more gracefully in a path from which he cannot deviate, than when he wanders at will over the '*avia Pieridum loca*.' Not indeed that occasions are wanting, particularly in descriptions of the sublime and terrific, in which his genius shines forth with singular splendour: but in general there is too much artificial management discoverable in his productions; and we more frequently find ourselves at leisure to contemplate the writer, than are borne along by the vigorous enthusiasm of the poet.

The present poem, like that of Saul is chiefly founded on History. It relates to the contest which took place, in the fourteenth century, for the crown of Castile, between Pedro surnamed the cruel, and his natural brother Henry Count of Trastamere; a contest, the principal events of which are sufficiently known from their intimate connection with English history. The time chosen for the opening of the poem is that, when Pedro, after having murdered his wife Blanche of Bourbon, sister to the queen of France, and perpetrated the most atrocious acts of violence both against his family and his subjects—is dispossessed of the whole of his dominions, except the fortress of Corunna, which is closely besieged by his brother Henry, and reduced by famine to the utmost distress. The king himself had fled to Portugal, where, however, instead of meeting with protection he had been detained a prisoner; and the first Canto is occupied in recounting the state of the besieged fortress; in describing the return of the king ('rescued from lone Viana's tower') in a tempestuous evening; and in representing the affectionate meeting between him and the heroine of the tale, his daughter Constance.

The second canto is of a higher order. After the death of Blanche, the king had espoused Maria de Padilla, to whom, as historians tell us, he had been privately married before his accession to the crown. Maria did not, however, long survive her regal honours; and Pedro is supposed to have buried her in a deep and lonely cave within the fortress, and to cherish for her memory a fond and ceaseless regret. To this place, on his arrival he immediately repairs; but while hanging over the alabaster image of Maria is

suddenly assailed by a tremendous vision. The spectre of the murdered Blanche rises to upbraid him; and in frenzied agony he is about to 'raise the self murderer's desperate hand',—when Constance most opportunely makes her appearance in the cave—averts his rash purpose,—and composes his spirits with a stanza addressed to the shade of her mother Maria; an invocation, however, which in our opinion is upon the whole managed rather unhappily.

The next Canto is dedicated more immediately to the service of the heroine. Constance, at an early hour of the morning, ascends the 'eastern tower,'

— as wonted, to inhale
The spirit of the vernal gale,
And to the Lord of life and day
Hymn on her lyre the matin lay,
Ere from the murmuring world below
Rose on the breeze the voice of woe.'

While she is listening to the flowing of the tide, and watching the day dawn, a sail is descried advancing to Corunna. It proves to be a bark, laden with all kinds of provisions that might be supposed most tempting to a famished garrison; and belongs to a certain fierce paynim called Almanzor, who had long professed himself her devoted admirer, and who in the genuine style of Moorish affection, when his offers were rejected, had attempted to carry off the lady by force. The bark is no sooner moored than a herald comes forward, and delivers his master's mandate.

' Once more, oh Monarch! Afric's power
Seeks thee in misery's trying hour.
Or peace, or war, thy choice I bring,
The hostile spear, or nuptial ring.
Now yield consent too long denied,
This ring proclaims Almanzor's bride—
If thou refuse, Almanzor's spear
Flames in the van of Trastamere.'

This proposal occasions great agitation among the 'worn train' who vehemently address themselves to Constance and beseech her to comply with the conditions. Unconquerable as is her aversion to the Moor, she is not prod against their entreaties; and has resolved most heroically to sacrifice herself to the common safety, when Pedro interposes—

' And—with loud groan the monarch cried,
"Moor give the ring."—The moor complied.
"Paynim, ere yet yon sun go down,
"Store, amply store Corunna's town,

"Then—tell thy lord—if, ere the year
 "Close o'er my head its fleet career,
 "No christian knight of royal race
 "On Pedro's brow the crown replace,
 "Nor claim sole guerdon of his arms
 "My peerless daughter's rescued charms,—
 "The monkish cowl my woes shall hide,
 "And Afric hail the plighted bride.
 "Such are the terms—all else are vain—
 "These, these alone the bride obtain.
 "Paynim! consent—by Mahmoud swear,
 "Then—to thy Lord this signet bear!"
 "King—great Almanzor's bride I hail!"
 He spake; and prostrate touched the veil!

In the fourth canto the scene changes to the court of Edward, at Bourdeaux. The description of the sports and festivals is executed a little in the manner of Mr. Scott; and a minstrel is duly introduced who favours us with a song.—In the midst of the revelry a stranger suddenly breaks unbidden into the banquet room, habited in the guise of a palmer, which however he throws off as he approaches the prince, and appears a page drest in court livery. It is Julian the page of Constance, who having privately sallied from Corunna, comes to implore the protection of Edward for his royal master in distress. A long and desultory conversation ensues, in which Julian relates to Edward and his queen Joanna the history of Constance; and urges every argument he can devise to induce the prince to espouse her cause. To this after some demur on account of the bad character of Pedro, he at length consents; and his younger brother, John of Lancaster, is so moved by the distressful tale of Julian, that he at once steps forward as the honoured knight and champion of Constance, and despatches a herald to her with his portrait. Having thus successfully concluded his enterprize, Julian, accompanied by the aforesaid herald, returns to the fortress.

The sixth Canto contains the tale of Julian. He is supposed to be a natural son of Ellenor, sister of Pedro. This lady had placed her affections on Alonzo, 'a youth of low degree,' but of a brave and noble nature; and who, inspired by the hope of gaining the hand of the princess, performs prodigies of valour, and overcomes the king of Arragon in single combat.

'And now Alonzo from the plain
 The hostile king had captive led,
 When a wing'd shaft at random sped
 Pierc'd the brave knight's unguarded head,
 And stretched him senseless on the slain.

The foe prevails, the field is won,
 The victory rests with Arragon.—
 Fair Ellen's charms bade contest cease.
 Her hand, the price and pledge of peace.

Ellen, however, conveys away the wounded knight, and restores him to life, though not to reason. She watches with great affection by his side, till her passion at length comes to the knowledge of Pedro, who sends his guards to seize her. Alonzo throws himself from a rock, and Ellen hurried, away to a convent, gives birth to Julian and expires. The infant is taken care of by Pedro's wife Maria, and brought up with Constance.

‘ The day that told him Ellen’s tale
 Saw on his cheek the rose grow pale,
 Proud thoughts and high born hopes suppress’d
 And fixed the chaste cross on his breast.—
 Ah—but for Constance, long ago
 The cloistered cell had hid his woe,
 But how, when ruthless ills invade,
 Unsolaced leave the mournful maid?—
 So view him ever at her side
 Or weal or woe, whate’er betide.
 No wavering wish, sigh undefined,
 Stain’d the pure mirror of their mind,
 One was their smile, their tear the same,
 Union of souls without a name.’

We revert in the seventh Canto to Edward, who detained by adverse winds, is amusing himself with pageants and tournaments at Bourdeaux; and for the sake of so gallant a prince we hope they were not quite so tedious in reality as they are in description. Pitying the ennui of Pedro and his daughter, the prince sends a boat to bring them to the pastimes; but no sooner are they fairly out at sea, than the galley of Almanzor, which was still lurking about Corunna bears down in full chase, and comes up with them just as they are making the shore. A dreadful combat ensues, in which the king and his daughter must inevitably have fallen into the hands of their pursuers, had not Lancaster, roused by the cries of Julian who had escaped half lifeless to land, hastened to their rescue. He now sees Constance for the first time, and the knight and lady exchange glances very much to their mutual satisfaction.

The eighth Canto opens with a dreadful dream, in which Pedro is made to experience, by anticipation, all the circumstances that actually attended his death. We are then introduced to the Prince in council. Here Pedro, accompanied by Constance and Julian, makes a formal demand

assistance; and partly to clear his fame, partly to ease his conscience, reveals to the assembly the whole course of his life. He alludes to the state of Castile at the time when he came to the crown; recounts his early attachment to Maria, and his subsequent marriage for reasons of state policy with Blanche; and artfully pretends that the death of the latter was the deserved punishment of her adultery.

The speech extends a short way into the ninth Canto. When it is finished, the repentant king receives absolution from a 'mitred abbot,' and Edward resolves to support his claims. Pedro then promises his daughter to the champion who shall win her from the Moor. The warriors rise from their seats; and Lancaster, pressing before the rest, is about to lift up her veil,—

‘ When in the thunder of his mail,
With lightening speed, with eye of fire,
Baring his brow in scornful ire
A stranger knight before him flew:
His outstretch'd arm a dagger drew,
Shook o'er the maid in vengeful mood ;—
“ Hence ! or this poinard drinks her blood.
Behold Almanzor Afric's king—
I claim my bride : lo ! mine the ring.” ’

As soon as he has done speaking, Lancaster throws him defiance. The combatants adjourn to the lists, when after a long and doubtful struggle,

‘ The Moor falls thundering on the ground ;
And rolling wild his eyes around
Clos'd them for ever on the day,
And, struggling, groan'd his soul away.’

The last canto is introduced by a strangely misplaced rhapsody in praise of British valour. This is succeeded by a minute enumeration of the warriors who attend Edward in his march to Castile. When the army arrive at ‘ the rocks that barrier Spain,’ a hermit comes out to meet them, points out the tomb of Earl Roland, and tells the minstrels to strike up a dirge to his memory. All at once Constance becomes fired by an impulse—

‘ She seized the harp as one inspir'd ;
Smote the loud chords, bade triumph flow,
And turn'd to joy the tide of woe.’

The poem is concluded by a prophetic ode of the hermit, which he not only foretells the event of Edward's expedition, but actually beholds the invasion of Spain by Buonaparte, and vehemently exhorts the present generation of Spaniards to maintain their rights !

Such is a brief analysis of Mr. Sotheby's tale. The manner in which it is related may be easily conjectured by those who have read his poem of Saul; and, indeed, to characterize this manner on the present occasion, would be only to repeat observations that we have already made*. The poem before us is equally marked by abrupt transitions, and continual appeals to the feelings of the reader. The interrogations indeed are so abundant, that the performance in many parts looks more like a poetical catechism than a history; and it would not, perhaps, be a very exaggerated statement to say, that nearly one half of the narrative is told by way of question and answer. Now to us this system—for a system it certainly is—appears unnatural. If the questions mean any thing, they obviously presuppose an acquaintance with the story, which, as it regards nine readers out of ten, is altogether unwarrantable; and thus, when a complicated series of events is to be unfolded, a degree of obscurity is thrown over them, for which we are inclined to consider a forced spirit and animation, as affording a very inadequate excuse. Sometimes, no doubt, this lyrical abruptness has a peculiar beauty: but, in these cases, it will arise from the glowing feelings of the poet; and certainly ought very sparingly to be employed, as an artifice to stiffen his diction, and keep his narrative from growing prosaic.

In the construction of his fable, Mr. Sotheby has possessed an ample store of materials; although in the management of them he does not seem to be peculiarly successful. It is, in fact, no inconsiderable objection to the plan of this poem, that so many incidents are introduced, which have no regular coherence, and no tendency to bring the story to a conclusion. To try a production of this kind by the laws of the regular epic, would be manifestly hypercritical; and yet we cannot help insinuating, that even the mere prose historian would do well to endeavour to give his subject some sort of unity; that, where there is action, it is quite proper to conduct it to a close; and that it is of no manner of use to crowd the scene with a greater or smaller variety of characters, unless they are made to exert themselves for some specific purpose. With regard to the fable, it is rather doubtful what the object of it really is—whether it be the rescuing of Constance from the gripe of Almanzor—or the restoration of Pedro to the throne of Castile; and, as to the characters, although the principal actors are pretty fairly kept in view, the subordinate personages come dropping in, one after another, to the very last Canto,—a species of management, w

beg leave to suggest, more pardonable in a hasty romance than a polished poem. Such a character as Alvarez, for instance, would be thought exceedingly uninteresting, especially at the end of a poem, were it not that his prophetical talents are of such eminent service in helping out the denouement; and we are quite at a loss to perceive the use of reciting the names of the chiefs and warriors who fight under the standard of the English Prince, when the whole account of the contest in which they are to engage, is summed up in three or four lines. These are not the only objections which present themselves: but we are now anxious to do justice to the merits of Mr. Sotheby; and proceed, with pleasure, to lay before our readers a few of those passages with which we have been most strongly impressed in perusing his poem.

We have already intimated that Mr. Sotheby excels in the delineation of scenes of terror. Of this character is Pedro's adventure in the sepulchral cave, in the second Canto. It is introduced by some stanzas of great tenderness.

- ‘ Hard is his heart, who never at the tomb
Of one belov'd, o'er the sepulchral urn
Has mus'd on days that shall no more return,
And call'd around from the funereal gloom
Shades of past joy, while tears that lenient flow,
Seem to obliterate the sense of woe.
- ‘ Lo, on the mirror bright of former days
Whereon we love to gaze,
Repicturing the scene of happiness,
No forms unkind intrude;
O'er each harsh feature rude
Gathers the shadow of forgetfulness:
While all that minister'd delight
Floats like a blissful dream before the sight.
- ‘ 'Tis as a pleasant land by moonlight seen,
Where each harsh form, that met the day,
In darkness dies away;
Smooth gleams, and tender shadows steal between,
While the pale silvery orb glides peaceful o'er the scene.’ p. 19.

After a description of the cave, which possesses considerable merit, Mr. Sotheby proceeds—

- ‘ In that dim cave, that lonely spot,
The world, and all, save her, forgot,
On the cold stone whose vault contains
Entomb'd Maria's lov'd remains,
The Monarch hangs her image o'er;
And, dwelling on the days of yore,

Oft turns her features to retrace,
And weep upon her marble face.
A tear so shed could peace impart,
And, chast'ning, seem'd to soothe the heart.

• Not now such tears could peace impart,
No chast'ning sorrow sooth'd his heart.—
The Monarch threw the portals wide,
Paus'd, and with wild'ring anguish cry'd,
“ I enter not to seek repose :
“ Who but the dead may hear my woes !”
He spake, and hurrying in aghast,
Clos'd the dark portals as he past.

• From his chill front big sweat-drops flow ;
His trembling grasp has seiz'd the lamp
That gleams amid the caye of woe.
And now around each dark wall damp
Slowly he turns the lurid light ;
All, all as wont, here meets his sight ;
Now gazes on the marble floor—
Now eyes intent the sculptur'd scroll,
“ Have mercy on Maria's soul :”
Thrice, thrice repeats it o'er and o'er— ;
His heart beats lighter than before.
Now, kneeling on the hallow'd place,
Hangs o'er the lamp, more clear to trace
The features of Maria's face.
“ 'Tis, 'tis thyself—thy shape—thy mien ;
“ Still on thy lip the smile is seen,
“ As if a blessing on the dead
“ Had rested when the spirit fled.”

• At once, as on a spot accurst,
The lightning flash'd, the thunder burst,
And 'mid the glimpses of the blaze
A phantom swam before his gaze.
“ Demon ! that riv'st the hallow'd stone,
“ Hence !”—he exclaim'd—“ fell fiend ! begone !
“ Ha ! art thou Blanche, Castilia's queen ?
“ Thou, Bourbon, who in evil hour
“ Fill'd'st with lament Sidonia's tow'r !
“ Thy skin with spots is purpled o'er,
“ And poison gushes from each pore.
“ Far other once thy features seen
“ Firing with love the wanton eye ;
“ Hence ! spectre of deformity !”
He spake, and desperate drew his blade,
And, wild with horror, smote the shade.
• His dagger echoed from the grave :
The while the form beneath his view
Slow from her shadowy finger drew
The nuptial ring that Pedro gave ;

Then hung, in guise of pity, o'er
A pale knight weltering in his gore.

'Twas Pedro's steel that blood had spilt;
His blade seem'd bury'd to the hilt.

“ I know you,—fiends,”—the Monarch cry'd.

“ Thou, too, thy nuptial gift behold;

“ Behold thy present, faithless bride !

“ This coil of hell around me roll'd.”

And Pedro back his mantle threw,
That hid a blood-stain'd belt from view.

“ Look on the snakes that clasp me round,

“ See in my heart the festering wound !

“ Count, as they hiss, th' envenom'd brood,

“ Each crested asp that taints my blood.

“ But death, fell fiend ! shall set me free,

“ This blow dispel the witchery.”

He spake, and dash'd upon the tomb
The lamp; and now, in darkest gloom,
Rais'd the self-murderer's desperate hand.’ pp. 24—28.

In the third Canto, Mr. Sotheby essays his powers in a different line of description.

‘ Bright in the heav'ns one beauteous star

Shone, heralding Aurora's car,

When Constance, on th' embattled keep,

Hung o'er Corunna hush'd in sleep.

Beneath her, where the champaign spread,

From each deep glen, each mountain head,

Gray mists on mists began to rise

Wafting pure incense to the skies.

While lull'd on Ocean's heaving breast

Lay the wild winds in halcyon rest,

To fancy's ear the sea-maid's song

Came on the flowing of the tide,

Wave leading wave, soft stole along,

Touch'd the low level sands, and died :

Yet not a wave was seen to flow,

So thick the dun haze hung below.

Now slowly melting into day

Vapour and mist dissolv'd away

And the blue world of waters round

Met the far heav'n's o'er-arching bound :

And, gleaming through the gorgeous fold

Of clouds, around his glory roll'd,

The orb of gold, far off, half seen,

Levell'd his rays of tremulous sheen,

That widely as the billows roll

Glanc'd quivering on their distant goal.’ pp. 35, 36.

The minstrel's song, in the fourth Canto, is a wild and
fantastic story, the subject of which is taken from a ballad

of King Arthur's death, in Percy's *reliques*. The execution is, upon the whole, creditable to Mr. Sotheby, but we have no room to insert it here. With the same general praise we must pass over the fifth Canto, which, though among the most interesting, in point of narrative, affords but few insulated passages of conspicuous merit. The tale of Julian, in the sixth Canto, is a very pleasing episode. Ellen's attachment to Alonzo, after he has lost his reason, is pourtrayed in a manner extremely touching and pathetic. The passage which relates the death of the maniac, we must be permitted to quote.

‘ But all in vain sad Ellen roves
By day, 'mid unfrequented groves;
In vain, by night, the mountain cave
To wearied Ellen refuge gave:
Vain her breath'd woe, her mute despair;
Pedro's stern guards have seiz'd the Fair,
And sever'd by the cloister pale,
Sad Ellen weeps beneath the veil.—

‘ The rumour smote Alonzo's ear :
His frantic cry demands the Bride,
The echoing caves alone replied.
‘ Twas agony his shriek to hear,
While madness imag'd demons near ;
And loud his laugh was heard to rave,
As dashing through the pathless wood,
He scal'd the cliff that crown'd the flood,
Then plung'd into the whelming wave—
One moment seen, and never more :
Till, many a distant day past o'er,
His body by the tempest thrown
Lay on the beach a corse unknown,
Save yet upon the finger seen,
A plaited ring of rushes green,
And on his breast a gem, that bore
The name of lovely Ellenor.’ pp. 93, 94.

In the next Canto we meet with nothing better than the following picture of Constance :

‘ And, sooth to say, a form more fair,
Ne'er claim'd heroic valor's aid.
Was it a vision of the air,
A gay illusion floating there
In fancy's loveliest hues array'd ?
All loose, and lightly on the gale
Stream'd her dark tresses freely flowing,
And to and fro the fluttering veil
Deepen'd her blush divinely glowing :

While, from its shade, more beamy bright
 By fits her beauty flash'd on sight,
 And gave a grace that varying play'd
 Like changeful magic o'er the Maid.' p. 118.

The vision with which the eighth Canto opens, is, unquestionably, among the finest passages of the volume; and displays the abrupt conciseness of Mr. Sotheby's manner to the happiest advantage.

‘ Whence that deep groan?—what dream unblest
 Forbids the brow of guilt to rest,
 And, borne on midnight's gloomy wing,
 Shakes horror o'er Castillia's King ?

‘ In slumber, vision'd on his sight
 Tow'r'd Montiel, and its rocky height :
 The dream its antique castle show'd,
 The flood that round its bulwarks flow'd,
 The battlements that crown'd its brow,
 And Trastamere encamp'd below ;
 Thick gathering shades o'erhung the plain,
 And pale stars gleam'd o'er warriors slain.

‘ It seem'd, at midnight's silent hour
 A chief stole lonely from the tow'r.
 The Monarch heard the flinty road
 Ring to the mule the knight bestrode,
 As pac'd along its dull hoof slow.—
 From ambush sprung an armed foe,
 Seiz'd the lone knight, and captive led,
 —Montiel, and all its scenery fled.

‘ In vision, now, a tent arose :
 There lay the captive, girt with foes.
 In armour to that guarded tent
 With hurried step a chieftain went.
 Castillia's robes his hauberk grac'd,
 Castillia's crown his helm embrac'd.
 'Twas Henry—sceptred Trastamere.
 The captive, as th' usurper came,
 Leapt up, and boldly own'd his name—
 “ Pedro—Castillia's rightful lord.”
 Loud, in that dream, his haughty word,
 Each haughty word, distinctly clear,
 Like thunder burst on Pedro's ear.

‘ Onward the hostile Monarchs prest,
 And seem'd to grapple breast to breast.
 Then Pedro saw his arm prevail,
 And Henry's strength beneath him fail :
 Saw, as his semblance seiz'd the blade,
 In act to strike pale Henry's shade,
 A knight, stern-visag'd, unaware,
 Spring like a tiger from his lair,

Seize him with sudden grasp, and bind
His limbs by giant force confin'd.

‘ With stedfast hand, before his view
Now Trastamere a poniard drew,
Mark'd with keen eye the mortal part,
Thrice sheath'd his blade in Pedro's heart,
Then, pointing to each hideous wound,
Smil'd, as the life-blood gush'd around.
The King, in agony of woe,
Groan'd, as his bosom felt the blow.
His groan of death the vision broke,
Bath'd in chill dew the Monarch woke,
And gazing on day's golden beam,
Shook at the horror of a dream,
The dread of that presigur'd doom,
And Henry crown'd on Pedro's tomb.’—pp. 123—126.

The scene where Pedro solicits the protection of Edward and delivers the history of his life, is executed with similitude and ability: but we have already exceeded our limits and must close our extracts with one short quotation.

‘ “ Now to my throne a rumour came
“ Of Frederic's guilt, and Bourbon's shame.
“ These eyes beheld—spare, spare the rest!—
“ I sheath'd my blade in Frederic's breast.
“ Blanche o'er the base adulterer hung,
“ Blanche to his bleeding bosom clung.
“ My arm was rais'd in vengeful mood.
“ —Oh! that this hand had shed her blood!
“ I shed not blood—but—ere her hour—
“ Blanche—perish'd—in Sidonia's tow'r—
“ And the sharp curse that hangs o'er crime
“ Yet haunts me from that fatal time.
“ Lo the dire proof—this belt I wear,
“ These drops of gore the curse declare.”
And Pedro back his mantle threw,
And gave the ensanguin'd belt to view.
His fixed eye-ball on the blood
Glar'd, and his hair uplifted stood.
And, fearfully, on all around
Amazement fell, and awe profound.’ pp. 134, 135.

From the specimens we have adduced, our readers will be inclined to form rather a favourable estimate of Mr. Sotheby's powers as a poet. They are not certainly of the highest order. We meet, indeed, in his productions, with many indications of elegant and refined taste; and occasionally animated bursts of feeling, and vivid touches of description; as, where the spectre slowly withdraws the ring from the shadowy finger, and where Pedro glares fearfully on

bloody girdle : but we seldom involuntarily pause to admire an object, because we think we see it for the first time ; and are not often impressed with the idea, that it is represented better than it has been before.

It is a little unfortunate, we fear, for the credit of the present poem, that it is so calculated, at least by its external appearance, to provoke a comparison with the beautiful narratives of Mr. Scott. Mr. Sotheby could not possibly be measured by a more excruciating standard. In the tales of Mr. Scott, we pass through scenes crowded with the most bustling variety of incidents ; yet the poet manages them with such nice contrivance, and relates them with such a perpetual vivacity of feeling, that we press forward with an attention undistracted by the multiplicity, and an impatience unsatisfied till we arrive at the conclusion. The narrative of Mr. Sotheby, on the contrary, is abrupt and complicated ; abounding in allusions which the reader is not prepared to understand, and, in events which possess neither interest nor coherence. Mr. Scott writes to the eye ; and is excelled, perhaps, by no author ancient or modern, in the art of giving identity to his characters, and to his images a ' local habitation, and a name.' In both these respects Mr. Sotheby is extremely deficient ; his descriptions being, with a few splendid exceptions, loose and indeterminate, and his characters, besides their obvious want of originality, but very imperfectly discriminated,—as to their outline, perhaps sufficiently prominent, but not marked by those nice shades and distinctive touches, which alone can make the canvass start into life. Not to run this parallel too far, we may observe, that Mr. Scott is much more at home in his versification than Mr. Sotheby, whose language, though elegantly select, and diligently finished, seldom displays that bold freedom and beautiful richness of combination, which render the fluent poetry of Mr. Scott so strikingly attractive.

Without wishing, therefore, by this comparison, invidiously to detract from the genius of Mr. Sotheby, we may be allowed to suggest that he has, in the present instance, somewhat mistaken its direction. Whether the subject itself he has selected is remarkably suited to his talents, is a question we shall not presume to determine ; but we are fully convinced he has not treated it in his happiest manner. If he again appears before the public as a narrative poet, we hope it will be with a style considerably less disfigured by harsh inversions and forced strophes. We hope, too, he will see fit to exchange his regular stanzas for heroic rhyme.

Art. IX. *Eighteen Sermons*; or short and plain Discourses for the Use of Families. Vol. I. By the Rev. Thomas Knowles, B. A. Curate of Humberstone, in the County of Lincoln. 8vo. pp. xiv. 256. Price 6s. Scatcherd. 1810.

WE recently recommended to the Christian public, four sermons of this respectable author, on 'Satan's Devices' and it is with pleasure we now introduce to them this useful volume of 'Family Discourses,' then announced to be in the press. The design of Mr. K. was to supply 'the want of a set of sermons, composed by some clergyman of the established church, adapted to the use of families, both as to brevity and plainness of language, exhibiting, at the same time, those doctrines of the gospel which are so essential to the conversion of sinners, and to the edification of the righteous; and enforcing all those duties to God and man which are so inseparably connected with the principles of the Christian religion.'

It must be acknowledged that publications of this description are not numerous. To adapt the most important instructions to the capacities of minds illiterate and unpractised in reflection, and at the same time to avoid every thing offensive to persons of taste, is no easy task; nor is the labour, although successful, very likely to obtain that reward for which the majority, even of reverend authors, are induced to write—the commendations of the learned and ingenious few being in too many instances preferred to the edification of the rustic multitude. Yet, as the souls of these are as valuable, and as much endangered as those of others;—as prejudice may prevent them from availing themselves of the useful works of nonconformity;—and, as the prospect of success is much greater among them, than among the literary and the rich, the object is clearly important, and has peculiar claims on the benevolent and pious part of the established clergy. The volume before us, is the first of three that were projected, 'each containing eighteen sermons, which would have furnished one sermon for each Sunday in the year, including also one for Christmas-day, and one for Good-Friday; but the time required for the preparation of such discourses, and the expence of publication, forbid the prosecution of this design at least for the present.' Thus the object of our author was extensive. It comprised a complete course of religious instruction; a body of doctrinal and practical theology for the use of persons in common life. How far this will be accomplished, it would be yet premature to judge. The topics discussed in this volume are useful, but miscellaneous; a

we cannot, indeed, but regret, that greater attention was not paid to order and mutual dependance in the selection and arrangement of them. The texts, too, are not so chosen as always to avoid going more than once over the same ground; although the scenery is each time in some degree varied. The subjects and texts are as follows:

Sermon I. On Abraham's example—a pattern to the heads of families. Gen. xviii. 19. Sermon II. On delaying to be religious. 1 Kings xviii. 21. Sermon III. On confession of sin. Prov. xxviii. 13. Sermon IV. On an early remembrance of God. Eccles. xii. 1. Sermon V. On Christ—what he is made to believers. 1 Cor. i. 30, 31. Sermon VI. On the Sabbath. Ex. xx. 8. Sermon VII. On repentance and remission of sins. Luke xxiv. 47. Sermon VIII. On the one thing needful. Luke x. 42. Sermon IX. On God's omnipresence. Ps. cxxxix. 3. Sermon X. On eternal life. John xvii. 3. Sermon XI. On the deceitfulness of sin. Heb. iii. 13. Sermon XII. On faith. 1 Cor. xv. 2. Sermon XIII. On the use of afflictions. Heb. xii. 11. Sermon XIV. On the new birth. John. iii. 8. Sermon XV. On the balm of Gilead; or a sure remedy for the wounds of sin. Jer. viii. 22. Sermon XVI. On the perseverance of the righteous. Job xvii. 9. Sermon XVII. On the Sacrament. 1 Cor. xi. 28. Sermon XVIII. On the duty and reward of servants. Eph. vi. 8.

These texts our author has illustrated happily and concisely. His plans are remarkably simple and natural; his diction plain, but not coarse; his style concise and unembarrassed, and generally perspicuous and correct; his sentiments agreeable to the articles he has subscribed, and his whole strain suitably practical. Ease and propriety, indeed, are more predominant than vigour, ingenuity, or pathos; but there are many affectionate appeals, short and pointed interrogations, faithful warnings, and earnest persuasions. As there is great equality of composition throughout, it is of little consequence from what part we select one or two specimens. The following is from Sermon III.

'There is such a strange propensity in mankind to justify themselves, that they will hardly acknowledge, that they are guilty of any particular sin whatever. If you accuse them of being sinners, in *general* terms, they will, perhaps, allow that they are so. But if you charge them with any particular sin, they will either deny the charge altogether, or they will give it a different name, or throw the blame upon some other person. Covetousness is often excused under the names of frugality and necessity. Murder is sometimes sanctioned under the name of honour. Anger and revenge are called a proper spirit. Lewdness and whoredom are termed gallantry. Profaneness and swearing are called genteel. Art and cunning are called ingenuity. And he who gains a fortune by fraud and ex-

tortion is called a clever man. Thus men "put darkness for light, and light for darkness," and impose upon themselves and others, by calling things by wrong names, and making vices appear as virtues.' p. 32.

In Sermon XV. our author thus replies to the question ' why mankind are not all recovered from the disease that sin has brought upon them.'

' Two reasons, indeed, may be given, why people continue under the power of their sins. The first is ; They are not sensible of their state. There are but very few indeed, who seriously consider it. Many come into the world, and live so engaged in the business and pleasures of it, as to neglect to inquire for what end they were created ; and what will be come of them when they die ? The thought, that they are sinners,—that they are accountable creatures —and, that there is a God,—seldom enters their minds : and, therefore, they live insensible of their danger. Thus, they go on in a state of ease and unconcern, under the most destructive and ruinous malady ; and, though a remedy is provided, they make no use of it ; because they are ignorant of their disease. "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." ' pp. 206, 207.

' Another reason, why persons are not recovered from their disease of sin, is ; Because they do not apply the proper remedy. Many are sensible, that they are sinners ; and would willingly have their disorder removed ; but, they make use of improper medicines. They try to heal themselves by their own good deeds, and charitable actions ; instead of applying only the blood of Christ, to relieve their wounded conscience. Like the Jews of old, "being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, they do not submit themselves to the righteousness of God." And, on this account, "their wound is healed slightly,"—it breaks out afresh ; and their troubles return.

—' This, I think, is, perhaps, the case with some of *you*. You know that you "have left undone things which you ought to have done ; and done those things which you ought not to have done ;" and, therefore, you have some dread of the anger of God. Now, the *natural* view, which you have of the way to obtain the divine favor is, by repentance and amendment ; but this is not the *scriptural* view of the matter. Though repentance and amendment do always *accompany* a sinner's return to the favour of God ; they are not the means of *procuring* it. It is only the blood of Christ, which has merit enough for this. And, because you do not depend upon this blood, (and upon it only,) for the pardon of your sins, and your acceptance with God, the sense of your guilt still remains, because your best deeds are imperfect. Notwithstanding your repentance and amendment, you are troubled with many doubts and fears ; because you are sensible of your many and great failings. If, therefore, you would be delivered from this "spirit of bondage to fear," you must rest simply on the merits of Christ's blood. For it was shed for this purpose ; "that through death, he might destroy him, that had the power of death, that is the devil ; and deliver them, who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage."

pp. 206—209.

The work is, on the whole, printed neatly and correctly, although a few inaccuracies have escaped observation. From the very respectable list of subscribers appended, the author we presume will no longer be deterred from 'the prosecution of his design by the consideration of expense.' We shall therefore expect the two succeeding volumes.

Art. X. *The Influences of Sensibility*: a Poem, in Three Parts. 8vo.
pp. 64. Price 4s. Mawman, 1810.

AN alarming *annonce* indeed! and our first care in perusing it, the reader may be sure, was to provide an extra supply of pocket handkerchiefs. Never, alas, was precaution more unnecessary. Like the lion by trade a tailor, our author is formidable only in externals. He has treated the tender feelings with singular humanity; and his performance, to do him justice, is much less lachrymal than soporific.

Critics, it is true, are stigmatized with being professionally dull, and are hard hearted to a proverb. But there is no necessity for availing ourselves of this enviable privilege on the present occasion. We think our indifference may be fairly accounted for on other grounds. In the first place, we are by no means sure that we comprehend the author's design. To the confusion of those harmless drudges the lexicographers, he explains sensibility as being 'that principle which invests every thing that is proposed to the imagination with attraction.' This, it must be confessed, is taking 'ample room and verge enough.' How simple—'invests with attraction!' How precise—'every thing!' according to which the man who is violently in love with the archetype of a pudding, is henceforth to be considered as a person of prodigious sensibility. With submission, however, our author would have been equally successful in his mollifying intentions, had he curtailed a little of the exuberance of this 'principle'; even although such curtailment might have hazarded his discussion on marriage and celibacy, or cut down his description of creation and the deluge. No rule in composition is more important, or can be violated with less impunity, than that of *convenientia locis*. A perpetual succession of unappropriate images, is sure first to distract and eventually to fatigue. To our imagination, the author's plan is 'invested' with all the 'attractions' of *disorder*, notwithstanding the following introductory notification, which, after divers attempts to comprehend, we turn over to the more patient sagacity of our readers: 'The order into which the subject naturally branched

may be thus explained (!); *first* its general effects, which include pity, sympathy, and benevolence: its sensitive pleasures, intellectual delights, and moral *promotions*. This we suppose is intended for *fine* writing. It will certainly pass current for nothing else.

Another cause which tends considerably to diminish the 'influences' of this poem, is a want of clearness in the thoughts, which sometimes border on unmeaning rant, and are sometimes nearly allied to inconsistency. We have not time for discussion, and shall therefore tantalize our readers with a single extract, in which they will find both these desiderata combined. Rant first :

' Far happier they who freed from *every* claim,
Extend to *all* an *universal* flame;
In *full* diffusion yield to *all* mankind
The heart which *no* peculiar choice can bind.'

Barbara, celarent, darii, ferio, baralipton!—*facit indignatio versum*—this is the very ecstacy of nonsense. It exceeds even the worn out cant of the pseudo-philanthropists. They talked, indeed, of the incompatibility between a regard to the whole, and a love for its parts; but then they had at least the grace to represent the man who yielded his heart to all mankind, instead of bestowing his affections where he might expect reciprocation, as encountering a painful struggle between inclination and duty, and making a meritorious sacrifice of private interest to public good. We now learn that this is the way also to be happy :

' Far happier they who freed from every claim,
Extend to all an *universal* flame.'

We were for some time puzzled to discover the congruity of these metaphors, till at last we luckily thought of a runaway bedlamite grasping a fire-brand. It is but fair, however, to permit our author to exemplify for himself.

' And such there are whose names the muse would deem
The fairest honour that attends her theme!
But genuine merit its own claims repays
And *consanguinity* forbids the praise;
Enough that numerous *friends* their worth declare,
And tutor'd *children* love their guardian *care*.'

This it is to be 'freed from every claim,' to be 'fully diffused,' and 'bound by no peculiar choice.' Friends! children! consanguinity!

Our last remark regards the phraseology of this poem, harmonizing, as it does admirably, with the indistinctness and confusion of the no-meaning it is employed to 'invest.' It is

extremely metaphorical; but the metaphors are seldom appropriate or consistent. Thus we read of 'soft example' whispering things that 'twine around the observation; and of a 'pillar' that 'lifts its witness to warm the bosom of posterity.' But let the following passage suffice *instar omnium*.

' Still as amid the flowery scene they range
 And soft *ideas* and looks benign exchange,
 Anticipation *sees* no evils nigh,
 To *quench* the dewy rapture of their eye,
 Or *mar* the lovely visions they *compare*
 In hopes unlimited *perspective* fair.
 Yet oft they prove, to *silent* passion wrought,
 The pure *unuttered* luxury of thought.
 A gradual *calm* o'er every fibre *glides*,
 Emotion *sleeps*, and almost hope *subsides*. p. 34.

But it is quite time to draw to a close. We do not mean to assert that the poem is entirely destitute of merit. There are occasional glimpses of imagination, and some not unhappily laboured combinations of language. There are a few good lines, though perhaps there is not a single unexceptionable passage. The prevailing character of the performance, however, is turgid obscurity; and the author has yet to learn that the great excellence and indispensable requisite of good writing is, to express with perspicuity what is conceived with precision.

Art. XI. *Travels in various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa.* By Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Part the First. Russia, Tartary, and Turkey.

(Continued from p. 689.)

BY favour of a Russian prince, who had married an English lady, Dr. C. and his friend obtained admittance to the ball of the nobles, notwithstanding the regulation by which all persons, not of noble birth, whether natives or foreigners, are excluded. This assembly, consisting of two thousand persons, in the most sumptuous and elegant dresses, and in 'one of the finest rooms in the world, decorated and lighted with matchless elegance and splendor,' greatly surpassed any thing of the kind ever seen by our author in any other country. He represents the Russian ladies as possessing a more finished taste in dress than those of London and Paris, as well as putting them out of comparison in point of costliness. The most extravagant sums are lavished on a single dress; and effects of no small importance must be calculated to result from the arts of personal display, to make the deception of those arts

worth maintaining at the expence—of several kinds—reported in the following anecdote.

‘ It is related very generally in the higher circles of the city, that a princess of Moscow, who had purchased a wig to imitate the colour of her own hair, confined her hair-dresser in a closet, fed him always herself, and allowed him only to come out during her toilette, in order that her false tresses might not be detected.’ p. 65.

Dr. C. makes an ample representation of the character and manners of the nobility. It exhibits them as generally strangers to domestic and any other kind of morality, and not entertaining the slightest concern or shame for the deficiency. Indeed, after the account given of the religion of the country, it were absurd to expect any discriminating or powerful sense of right or wrong. Nor do the nobility possess any of that sentiment of dignity, through which the more refined immorality of pride might operate to preclude the reputed baser immorality of gross vice. Neither, again, does the state of their intellectual cultivation and of their attainments in general knowledge, create, in any considerable number of them, that taste which might, on the mere ground of pleasure, prefer literary and philosophical pursuits to the labours and amusements of profligacy. Our author’s account of the usual quality of their libraries promises no amendment from that quarter.

‘ Books of real literary reputation are not to be obtained either in Petersburg or Moscow. Productions of other days, which from their importance in science have become rare, are never to be found. Costly and frivolous volumes, sumptuously bound, and most gorgeously decorated, constitute the precious part of a library in Russian estimation. Gaudy French editions of Fontenelle, of Marmontel, of Italian sonneteers, with English folios of butterflies, shells, and flowers; editions by Baskerville, Bensley, and Bulmer, with hot-pressed and wire-wove paper; in short, the toys rather than the instruments of science, attract the notice of all the Russian amateurs. A magnificent library in Russia, on which immense sums have been expended, will be found to contain very little of useful literature. In vain, among their stately collections, smelling like a tannery of the leather which bears them, may we seek for classic authors, historians, lawgivers and poets. A copy of the Encyclopædia, placed more for ostentation than for use, may perhaps in a solitary instance or two greet the eye, as the only estimable work throughout their gilded shelves.’ p. 72.

In their deportment to superiors and dependants, they are described as somewhat exceeding what may have commonly been considered as the extremes of the servility and tyranny, naturally meeting in those who are at once despots and slaves. ‘ Potemkin, one of the meanest and most profligate of men, frequently chastised with his own hand a prince or nobleman

with whom he chanced to be offended ; and the emperor Paul exercised his cane upon the nobles who were his officers.' If this be pretty much according to the natural order of things in such a political frame of society, these nobles may, however, boast of some distinctions more peculiarly national ; as, for instance, their custom of keeping every thing about them in a continual state of traffic.

' A Russian nobleman will sell any thing he possesses, from his wife to his lap-dog ; from the decorations of his palace, to the ornaments of his person ; any thing to obtain money ; any thing to squander it away. Visiting a trading mineralogist, I was surprised to see glass-cases filled with court dresses ; and still more in being told they were dresses of the nobility, sent to be exposed for sale as often as they wanted money. Their plan is, to order whatever they can procure credit for, to pay for nothing, and to sell what they have ordered as soon as they receive it. We should call such conduct, in England, *swindling* ; in Moscow it bears another name, it is called *Russian magnificence*.' p. 81.

' Acquaintance with Caniporesi, the architect, procured me admission to the house of prince Trubetzkoi, a dealer in minerals, pictures, hosiery, hats, cutlery, antiquities, in short, all the furniture of shops and museums. Having squandered away his fortune, he picked up a livelihood by selling, for himself and others, whatever came in his way. His house, like a pawnbroker's shop, exhibited one general magazine, occupying several rooms. A prince presiding over it, and practising all the artifices of the meanest tradesman, was a spectacle perfectly novel. Any thing might be bought of his highness, from a pair of bellows, to a picture of Claude Lorraine. In the same room might be seen handkerchiefs, stockings, artificial flowers, fans, Cologne water, soap, pomatum, prints, books, guns, pistols, minerals, jewellery, harness, saddles, bridles, pipes, second-hand clothes, swords, stuffed birds, bronzes, buckles, buttons, snuff-boxes, wigs, watches, boots, and shoes.' p. 86.

' As the nobles have rarely any money at command, their traffic in the fine arts, as in other things, is carried on by exchange. This sort of barter is of all things that in which they take the greatest delight. They purchase a picture for a carriage, or an embroidered suit of clothes, just as they pay their physician with a snuff-box. In every thing the same infantine disposition is displayed ; and, like children, they are tired of their toys almost in the moment they have acquired them. The method of paying their physicians by trinkets, might seem an inconvenience to the faculty ; but it is not so. Dr. Rogerson at Petersburg, as I am informed, regularly received his snuff-box, and as regularly carried it to a jeweller for sale. The jeweller sold it again to the first nobleman who wanted a fee for his physician, so that the doctor obtained his box again ; and at last the matter became so well understood between the jeweller and the physician, that it was considered by both parties as a sort of bank-note, and no words were necessary in transacting the sale of it.' p. 87.

As, however, the first venders, whether importers or manufacturers, of all those articles which form the subjects of so active and capricious a traffic among the nobility, must at

all events be, on the whole, paid, and in some instances enriched; and as also the dealers, who in most cases will come between the first venders and the nobility, are not wise in their generation if they do not try the utmost of their faculties against the latter,—it might well be inquired where are the sources of the revenue that can long save such an aristocracy from beggary. Many of its members may indeed be on the borders of that condition;—as to the rest, the inquiry must be answered by those millions of wretched peasants, whose toils are supporting the boundless profligacy and folly of their lords, by a produce of which themselves partake but just enough to keep them alive. A part of the magnificent burden under which these labourers are crushed, is the prodigious establishment of domestics, kept by the nobleman or prince. ‘In the house of the young count Orlof alone, are no less than five hundred servants; many of them sumptuously clothed, and many others in rags.’ The wages, however, of these immense tribes of menials, he says, ‘if wages they may be called, scarcely exceed an English halfpenny a day to each.’ And small as this nominal allowance is, ‘it might have been omitted, for it is never paid. There are few of the nobles who think it any disgrace to owe their servants so trivial a debt. There is in fact no degree of meanness to which a Russian nobleman will not condescend. To enumerate the things of which we were eye-witnesses, would only weary and disgust the reader. I will end with one.’ And here he relates the clearly proved fact of a young nobleman stealing the hat of one of our travellers from their apartments. Whatever becomes of wages, debts, peasants, or moral respectability, it is indispensable to a man of high rank to have about him ‘a swarm of slaves, attendants, hirelings, and dependant sycophants.’

‘The nobles consider the honour of their families so materially implicated in maintaining a numerous table, that should any of the satellites which usually surround them forsake his post at dinner, and swell the train of any other person, the offence is rarely forgiven: they will afterwards persecute the deserter by every means of revenge in their power; and, not being burdened by scruples of conscience, they generally find means of indulging their vengeance. I have seen persons who were victims of their good nature, in having accepted invitations which decoyed them from the table of their lord. Similar motives gave rise to the prodigious hospitality which has been described by travellers. Before the reign of Paul, a stranger no sooner arrived at Moscow than the most earnest solicitations were made for his regular attendance at the table of this or that nobleman. If his visits were indiscriminate, jealousy and quarrels were the inevitable consequence. The curious spectacle presented at their dinners has no parallel in the rest of Europe. The dishes and the wines correspond in gradation with the rank and con-

dition of the guests. Those who sit near the master of the house are suffered to have no connexion with the fare or the tenants of the lower end of the table; and nothing would so much distress a Russian prince as sending for a portion of the soup or the viands which are there placed. That which he intends for the gratification of the favoured few around him, is generally carried to them; nor is it usual to ask for any thing.¹ p. 161.

The philosophers and moralists who shall hereafter expatiate elegantly on the vanity of titles, rank, and opulence, in the way of insisting that they are compatible with many degrading things,—may envy us the courage that dares to quote some parts of the following paragraphs, (in transcribing which, however, even we are compelled to make a slight omission,) to shew how they look as the gilding of dirt and barbarism.

‘ Some of the nobles are much richer than the richest of our English peers; and a vast number, as may be supposed, are very poor. To this poverty, and to these riches, are equally joined the most abject meanness, and the most detestable profligacy. In sensuality they are without limits of law, conscience, or honour. In their amusement, always children; in their resentment, women. The toys of infants, the baubles of French sops, constitute the highest object of their wishes. Novelty delights the human race; but no part of it seek for novelty so eagerly as the Russian nobles. Novelty in their debaucheries, novelty in gluttony, novelty in cruelty, novelty in whatever they pursue. This is not the case with the lower class, who preserve their habits unaltered from one generation to another. But there are characteristics in which the Russian prince and peasant are the same. They are all equally barbarous. Visit a Russian, of whatever rank, at his country seat, and you will find him lounging about, uncombed, unwashed, unshaven, half naked, eating raw turnips, and drinking *quass*. The raw turnip is handed about in slices, in the first houses upon a silver salver, with brandy, as a whet before dinner. Their hair is universally in a state not to be described, and their bodies are only divested of vermin when they frequent the bath. Upon those occasions, their shirts and pelisses are held over a hot stove, and the heat occasions the vermin to fall off. It is a fact too notorious to admit dispute, that from the emperor to the meanest slave throughout the vast empire of all the Russias, including all its princes, nobles, priests and peasants, there exists not a single individual in a thousand whose body is destitute of vermin. An English gentleman of Moscow, residing as a banker in the city, assured me that, passing on horseback through the streets, he had often seen women of the highest quality, sitting in the windows of their palaces, divesting each other of vermin;—another trait, in addition to what I have said before, of their resemblance to the Neapolitans.’

‘ A stranger, dining with their most refined and most accomplished princes, may in vain expect to see his knife and fork changed. If he sends them away, they are returned without even being wiped. If he looks behind him he will see a servant spit in the plate he is to receive, and wipe it with a dirty napkin, to remove the dust. If he ventures (which he should avoid, if he is hungry,) to inspect the soup in his plate with too inquisitive an eye, he will doubtless discover living victims

in distress, which a Russian, if he saw, would swallow with indifference, Is it not known to all, that Potemkin used to take vermin from his head, and kill them on the bottom of his plate at table? and beauteous princesses at Moscow do not scruple to follow his example.' 'If at table an Englishman regards his neighbour, he sees him picking his teeth with his fork, and then plunging it into a plate of meat which is brought round to all. The horrors of a Russian kitchen are inconceivable, and there is not a bed in the whole empire which an English traveller, aware of its condition, would venture to approach.' p. 90.

Our author represents the state of society as having already lost the effect of all that was attempted for its refinement by Catherine, whose administration he is willing to applaud, in terms fully as strong as have ever been employed by any of the writers who have had the justice to brand her private character with the infamy which it deserved, and which he concurs in fixing on it. We should greatly hesitate to describe her reign as a 'long and glorious career, marked by wisdom, wealth, power, conquest, glory, and beneficence.' Some of these terms, while applicable, constitute but a doubtful praise—one of them a condemnation, especially when we know in what spirit her 'conquests' were pursued; and we may reasonably question whether 'wisdom' and 'beneficence' would even in Russia, have operated during a long and powerful reign, without producing on the manners and condition of the community, some effects that would have survived the instant of its termination, in spite of the imperial successor's zeal to annihilate them. The case is, however, according to Dr. C., that the modification she effected in the social economy, or rather it might be said, the superficial decoration she spread over it, was found to be gone in a very short time after she was gone. The thin varnish was washed off; and 'already,' our author says, referring to a period considerably preceding that at which he commenced the record of his travels, 'already every trace of her brilliant reign had disappeared.' The Russians, on the accession of Paul, fell back into the barbarity which characterized the empire before the age of their first Peter.

' The polished nations of Europe will be surprised to learn that immortal as the name of Catherine appears in their annals, it was almost forgotten, in Russia, within four years after her death: it remained among the number of privations enjoined by the long list of public proscriptions, and was heard only in the howling of the wind that drifted the snows of Siberia*: no one dared to mention it. At the same time, her favourites were displaced; her ministers rejected; her officers dismissed; her monuments overthrown: even the verst posts

* This is a slight deviation from Dr. C.'s accustomed style.

which bore some marks of her taste, were demolished; and near their ruins stood a series of wooden Harlequinades, in the absurd uniform of their mad sovereign.' p. 182.

The travellers had many occasions of observing, in different parts of the empire, the effects of this august monarch's furious passion for destroying or reversing every thing that had been done, or attempted, by his mother; whose memory and praises he so abhorred, that a man who had made an epigram, contrasting his reign unfavourably with hers, was punished with the excision of his tongue.

Many pictures are given, from actual spectacles successively presented, of the condition of the peasantry. The contempt with which they are regarded, and may with impunity be treated, was strikingly apparent in one of the first exhibitions that met the Englishmen's notice on entering Moscow, where numbers of them had come from the country to the market with their covered carts, to get such provisions as they could afford to purchase.

'Within the gate, a number of slaves were employed, removing the mud from the streets, which had been caused by the melting of the snow. Peasants with their *kibitkis**, in great numbers, were leaving the town. Into these *kibitkis*, the slaves amused themselves with flinging as much of the mud as they could throw in, unperceived by the drivers, who sat in front. The officer appointed to superintend their labour chanced to arrive and detect them in their filthy work; and we hoped he would instantly have prohibited such an insult from being offered to the poor men. His conduct, however, only served to afford a trait of the national character. Instead of preventing any further attack on the *kibitkis*, he seemed highly entertained by the ingenuity of the contrivance; and, to encourage the work, ordered every peasant to halt and hold his horse, while they loaded his *kibitki* with the mud and ordure of the streets; covering with it the provisions of the poor peasants, and whatever else their *kibitkis* might contain, with which they were going peaceably to their wives and families. At last, to complete their scandalous oppression, they compelled each peasant, as he passed, to sit down in his *kibitki*, and then they covered him also with the black and stinking mud. At this unexampled instance of cruelty and insult, some of the peasants, more spirited than the rest, ventured to murmur. Instantly, however, with a heavy cudgel, on the head and shoulders, silenced the poor wretches' complaints.' p. 42.

In our heavy disappointment at the failure of the Emperors, Paul and Alexander, in their grand crusade for the restoration of social order and the Christian religion and morality in Europe, we cannot help thinking with vexation what an upright governor of some city or province, in Italy or the Netherlands, the officer here mentioned might have been.

* The *kibitki* is the old Scythian waggon.

When advertiring to the charge of indolence, which is made against the Russian peasants, our author asks,

‘ Can there exist incitement to labour, when it is certain that a tyrant will bereave industry of all its fruits ? The only property a Russian nobleman allows his peasant to possess, is the food he cannot, or will not, eat himself ; the bark of trees, chaff, and other refuse ; quass, water and fish oil. If the slave has sufficient ingenuity to gain money without his knowledge, it becomes a dangerous possession : and when once discovered, falls instantly into the hands of his lord.’

‘ Traversing the provinces south of Moscow, the land is as the garden of Eden : a fine soil, covered with corn, and apparently smiling in plenty. Enter the cottage of the poor labourer, surrounded by all these riches, and you find him dying of hunger, or pining from bad food, and in want of the common necessaries of life. Extensive pastures covered with cattle afford no milk to him. In autumn the harvest yields no bread for his children. The lord claims all the produce. At the end of summer, every road in the southern provinces is filled with caravans bearing corn and all sorts of provisions, every produce of labour and the land, to supply the lords of Moscow and Petersburg, and the markets of these two capitals, which like whirlpools, swallow all that comes within their vortex.

‘ Can there be a more affecting sight, than a Russian family, having got in an abundant harvest, in want of the common stores to supply and support them, through the rigours of a long and inclement winter ? p. 170.

After such descriptions, we are not surprised to hear that ‘ the peasants often take the law into their own hands, and assassinate their lords. To prevent this, the latter live in cities remote from their own people, and altogether unmindful of all that concerns them, except the hard tribute they are to receive. Many of the Russian nobles dare not venture near their own villages, for fear of the vengeance they have merited by their crimes.’ Indeed, were it not for those habits of abject servility to superiors, in which our author describes the Russians as universally trained, we might wonder that revengeful despair, does not hunt out and strike such tyrants in their cities and palaces.—In reflecting on these representations, it may possibly be suggested to the reader—and that without any doubt whatever of the substantial fidelity of the author’s statements—to question whether some of the expressions, taken in their strictly literal import, would not seem to describe an impossible state of things. There cannot be a moment’s hesitation to believe that the Russian nobles are thoughtless and stupid enough not to comprehend, and almost barbarous enough to disregard even if they would be supposed to comprehend, the obvious good policy, with respect to their own interest, of promoting the comforts of their peasants ; but the question would be, how the wretched multitude could actually

kept alive under such a destitution of the ordinary elements of subsistence:—what remains for them to eat, after they are refused any share, (beyond the absolute refuse), of any of the principal articles that the country they inhabit can produce,—corn, milk, and animal food? This is partly answered in a latter part of the volume, where we are informed that a prodigious quantity of fish is caught in the Don and the Sea of Azof, and conveyed over all the southern provinces of the empire. And we may suppose a portion of the produce of the soil, rather more considerable than would seem to be admitted by the literal meaning of our author's language, afforded to the peasants—and indeed this supposition is authorised by his expressions, when speaking of the allotments of lands to them—while yet it may be so scanty and so bad, as to leave them in a state of misery not on the whole exaggerated by his melancholy and indignant description. Aware, however, that strong colouring will be attributed to his representation, he observes that it is a faithful copy of what he had sketched on the spot, under the impression made by the immediate view of the facts he is displaying; but that if it be in excess, the error will be at once corrected and atoned for, by his introducing in a note, a copious extract from a MSS. journal of Mr. Heber, who has recently traversed the same country. This note respecting the condition of the peasants, is a valuable document, from the detailed minuteness of its statements, and the evident solicitude to render them accurate. Though that condition, according to these statements also, be wretched enough,—with the exception of the peasants of the crown, and of those of here and there a tolerably humane nobleman,—it does not appear quite so deplorable as the description of Dr. Clarke. It is to be observed, however, that Mr. Heber acknowledges his information was derived chiefly from a Russian prince, at Moscow; and it is quite superfluous to suggest, how unlikely such a person would be to exhibit in the strongest light the tyranny of his order. Dr. C. has informed us that not the smallest reliance can be placed on the statements of the nobles, when they choose, as they sometimes will, to converse with foreigners on the condition of their slaves: and he mentions some instances of his own experience of their falsehood and unscrupulous impudence relative to this subject. And even though not dishonest in his description, this informant may still be suspected of having given it without the competency derivable only from minute personal inspection, and without any very nice moral adaptation to sympathise with the feelings of a herd of despised slaves, or rightly to measure the obligations of princes to such beings. The infor-

mation may be accurate however, as far as it relates to matters of defined regulation. It is on the authority of Mr. Heber's own observation, that the peasants of the crown are affirmed to be 'almost all in *comparatively* easy circumstances,—the standard, however, of this *comparison* not being assigned. Their *abrock*, or rent, is fixed at five roubles about a guinea English, a year; and as they are sure it will never be raised, they are the more industrious.' 'The peasants belonging to the nobles have their *abrock* regulated by their means of getting money; at an average, throughout the empire of eight or ten roubles. It then becomes not a rent for land, but a downright tax on their industry. Each male peasant is obliged by law to labour three days in each week for his proprietors. This law takes effect on his arriving at the age of fifteen.' Dr. C. says that labour is not exacted from males only; but that 'women, and (female) children from the age of ten, are obliged to perform their equal share.' By an arrangement adapted to the mutual convenience of the proprietors and the slaves, this three days' labour is generally commuted for an *abrock* paid by the slave, for the allowance to work all the week on his own account,—a privilege not extended to those who are employed in manufactories, and by its nature inapplicable to the condition of the domestic servants. But Mr. Heber does not sufficiently explain, whether the tribute thus paid in lieu of the three days' labour, be the identical *abrock* first mentioned, nor how far its payment secures to the peasant the benefit of the labour of the remaining days. Neither does he inform us in what manner the peasants realize the result of their labour on their small allotments of land;—whether they are paid for the produce by their lords, according to its quantity, or whether they are allowed to take to a free market. The matter is not made more clear by Dr. C.'s mentioning that, 'tithes are moreover demanded of whatever may remain in their hands; of linen, poultry, eggs, butter, pigs, sheep, lambs, and every product of the land, or of domestic manual labour.'—For several particulars in their economy, we will transcribe Mr. Heber's own words.

'The allotment of land is generally settled by the *Starosta* (eldest of the village) and a meeting of the peasants themselves. In the same manner, when a master wants an increase of rent, he sends the *Starosta*, who convenes the peasants; and by that assembly is decided what each individual must pay. If a slave exercises any trade which brings him in more money than agricultural labour, he pays a higher *abrock*. If by journeys to Petersburg, or other cities, he can still earn more, his master permits his absence, but his *abrock* is raised. The smallest earnings are subject to this oppression.'

peasants employed as drivers, at the post-houses, pay an *abrock* out of the *drink-money* they receive, for being permitted to drive; as otherwise, the master might employ them in other less profitable labour on his own account. The aged and infirm are provided with food, and raiment, and lodging, at their owners' expence. Such as prefer casual charity to the miserable pittance they receive from their master, are frequently furnished with passports, and allowed to seek their fortune; but they sometimes pay an *abrock* even for this permission to beg. The number of beggars in Petersburg is very small; as when one is found, he is immediately sent back to his owner. In Moscow, and other towns, they are numerous; though I think less so than in London. They beg with great modesty, in a low and humble tone of voice, frequently crossing themselves, and are much less clamorous and impudent than a London beggar.

' No slave can quit his village, or his master's family, without a passport. Any person arriving in a town or village, must produce his to the *Starosta*; and no one can harbour a stranger without one. If a person is found dead without a passport, his body is sent to the hospital for dissection; of which we saw an instance. The punishment of living runaways is imprisonment, and hard labour in the government works; and a master may send to the public workhouse any peasant he chooses. The prisons of Moscow and Kostroma, were chiefly filled with such runaway slaves, who were for the most part in irons. On the frontier they often escape; but in the interior it is almost impossible: yet, during the summer, desertions are very common; and they sometimes lurk about for many months, living miserably in the woods. This particularly happens when there is a new levy of soldiers. The soldiers are levied, one from every certain number of peasants, at the same time all over the empire. But if a master is displeased with his slave, he may send him for a soldier at any time he pleases, and take a receipt from government, so that he sends one man less the next levy. He also selects the recruits he sends to government; with this restriction, that they are young men, free from disease, have sound teeth, and are five feet two inches high.'

' The *Starosta* of whom mention has been so frequently made, is an officer resembling the ancient bailiff of an English village. He is chosen, we are told, (at least generally) by the peasants; sometimes annually, sometimes for life. He is answerable for the *abrocks* to the lord; decides small disputes among the peasants; gives billets for quarters to soldiers, or to government officers on a journey, &c. Sometimes the proprietor claims the right of appointing the *Starosta*.

' A slave can on no pretence be sold out of Russia; nor in Russia, to any but a person born noble, or if not noble, having the rank of lieutenant-colonel. This rank is not confined to the military; it may be obtained by those in civil situations. (Professor Pallas had the rank of Brigadier.) This law is however eluded, as *roturiers* (plebeians) frequently purchase slaves for hire, by making use of the name of some privileged person; and all nobles have the privilege of letting out their slaves.' p 165.

The fortunes of the nobles, Dr. C. tells us, 'are estimated by the number of their peasants, as West-India merchants

reckon their income by the number of their hogsheads.' And some of them have seventy, and even a hundred thousand of these peasants. These are, in the strictest sense, property,—as they may be sold whenever the proprietor pleases. And, when his extravagant expenditure reduces him, as is often the case, to adopt this expedient, it is probable the slaves are, for the most part, very indifferent about a transfer so little likely to make their condition worse. Instances, however, have been known, it seems, in which they have earnestly deprecated such an event.

' When the father of Count Golovkin was reduced to the necessity of selling a portion of his peasants, in consequence of debts contracted in the service of the crown, deputies from the number of his slaves came to Moscow, beseeching an audience of their lord. One venerable man, the oldest of the number advertised for sale, begged to know why they were to be so dismissed. " Because," said the Count, " I am in want of money, and must absolutely pay the debts I have contracted." " How much?" exclaimed at once all the deputies. " About thirty thousand roubles," rejoined the Count. " God help us! do not sell us; we will bring the money." ' p. 94.

An instance like this, is enough to shew, that even Russian boors have the affections, on which a generous master, and an enlightened and benign government, co-operating with such generous masters—might take effectual hold to lead them gradually out of that wretched barbarism in which they have remained, unaltered, through so many ages. But, instead of any imperial or aristocratical plans or wishes directed toward such an object, we see, among the greater and smaller Russian holders of power, a general contempt for every thing that could really tend to the respectability and happiness of a people, and for every faculty and feeling in human nature that is best adapted to be appealed to for the purpose of attracting human creatures into improvement. Indeed, there is no desire to lead them into improvement. They are of known value or use, but to make soldiers for his Imperial Majesty, and labourers for the nobles; and, as ignorance and cudgels have thus far been found sufficient to train them for these uses, why should not the same discipline be sufficient still? Accordingly, a Russian statesman or noble is perfectly content that the thickest darkness should rest perpetually over this vast empire;—a darkness as profound, as if all the shades and mists that have been cleared away from all the rest of Europe, by civilization, science, and religion, had rolled over this northern region, and there become accumulated into preternatural midnight. And, as to the application of rough physical force, as the stimulus and corrective on all occasions

we have already made various citations in which our author asserts its universality. In another place he says,

‘ The Emperor canes the first of his grandees ; the princes and nobles cane their slaves ; and the slaves their wives and daughters Ere the sun dawns in Russia, flagellation begins ; and throughout its vast empire cudgels are going, in every department of its population, from morning until night.’ p. 37.

Dr. C. appears to have been too thoroughly disgusted with the debasement, and too powerfully convinced of the hopelessness, of the condition of Russia, to speculate on any remote possibilities of amendment. A despotic monarchy is clearly the doom of this immense country for an indefinite length of time. And, even supposing that once more, for the third or fourth time since the creation, the moral economy of human nature would be so far set aside as to permit a despot to possess consummate benevolence, as well as wisdom, it would still be difficult to conceive what he could do alone to raise the condition of the people. The expedient first presenting itself would be a plan for educating, civilizing, better supporting, more lightly tasking, and ultimately emancipating the peasants of the crown. But, how long would the monarch be suffered to live, that should thus venture to make himself such a contrast to the whole body of his nobles, as to excite universal discontent, and, perhaps, symptoms of approaching rebellion among their slaves ?

Among the national distinctions of the Russians, we should have noticed that wonderful talent for imitation, of which our author observed so many exhibitions. This, he says,

‘ Is the acme of Russian intellect ; the principle of all their operations. They have nothing of their own ; but it is not their fault if they have not every thing which others invent.’ ‘ The meanest Russian slave has been found adequate to the accomplishment of the most intricate and most delicate works of mechanism ; to copy, with his single hand, what has demanded the joint labours of the best workmen in France or England. Though untutored, they are the best actors in the world. A Russian gentleman, who had never seen a theatre, assisted, during the representation of a play, in one of the most remote eastern provinces : and was accidentally seen by persons, capable of estimating the merit of his performance, which they pronounced superior to that of any of our European actors. I am disposed to credit this account, because, in examples of imitative genius, I have witnessed something similar. If they were instructed in the art of painting, they would become the finest portrait painters in the world. In proof of this I saw one example : it was a miniature portrait of the Emperor, executed by a poor slave, who had only once seen him, during his visit to Moscow. In all that concerned resemblance and minuteness of representation, it was the most astonishing work which, perhaps, ever appeared. The effect produced was like that of beholding the original through a diminishing lens. The Birmingham trinket ma-

nufactory, in which imitations of jewellery and precious metals are wrought with so much cheapness, is surpassed in Moscow.' 'At Birmingham, the things are the workmanship of many persons, in Moscow, of one only; yet, the difference between divided and undivided labour, in this branch of trade, occasions none in the price of the articles. I saw, in Moscow, imitations of the Maltese and Venetian gold chains, which would deceive any person, unless he were himself a goldsmith.' — 'This extraordinary talent for imitation has been shewn also in the fine arts. A picture by Dietrici, in the style of Polemberg, was borrowed by one of the Russian nobility from his friend. The nobleman who owned the picture, had impressed his seal on the back of it, and had inscribed verses and mottoes of his own composition. With so many marks, he thought his picture safe any where. But a copy so perfect was finished, both as to the painting and all the circumstances of colour in the canvass, the seal, and the inscriptions, that, when put into the frame of the original, and returned to its owner, the fraud was not discovered. The circumstance was afterwards made known by the confession of the artist employed; and there are now residing in Petersburg and Moscow foreign artists of the highest respectability and talents who attest its truth. One of them, Signor Camporesi, assured me, that, walking in the suburbs of Moscow, he entered a miserable hut belonging to a cobler; where, at the further end, in a place intended to hold pans and kettles, and to dress victuals, he observed a ragged peasant at work. It was a painter in enamel, copying very beautiful pictures which were before him. The same person he added, might have been found the next day drunk in a cellar, or howling beneath the cudgel of his task-master.' p. 69.

A faculty like this, possessed by the inhabitants within and, except in rare individual instances, not by those without, certain geographical limits, is truly a strange phenomenon. Whence is that exquisitely refined quality of some part of the mental conformation in these gross barbarians (and indeed, in a certain degree, in other barbarous nations,) in consequence of which, images of sensible objects are formed in their minds with a clearness and perfection hardly equalled in the imaginations of the first poets of the civilized world? — for such a perfect delineation of the image in the mind is indispensable to this power of imitation. It may appear strange too, that with a faculty for receiving and retaining such perfect images, they should have no ability to combine them as to excel in at least some departments of poetry. But it should seem that their imaginations are, if we may so express it, purely dead mirrors, reflecting with admirable distinctness each image just as it falls on them, but with no power of forming arbitrary dispositions and combinations of the various images.

We are sorry that room and time do not permit us to finish in the present number, the analysis of this interesting book. A very small space may be found in our next for tracing the most brief and rapid manner, the remainder of its adventures.

Art. XII. Hymns for infant Minds ; by the Authors of Original Poems, Rhymes for the Nursery, &c. 12mo. pp. 100. price 1s. 6d. T. Conder, Darton, Harvey, and Co.; and Conder and Jones, 1810.

WE are indebted for this little unpretending volume to the anonymous authors of those sprightly and excellent works, the "Original Poems for infant Minds," and "Rhymes for the Nursery," wherein they have shewn themselves qualified to write for persons of a larger growth, and entitled to assume the honours due to poets of a higher order, than those who generally furnish entertainment and instruction for children. Instead, however, of ascending to a more ambitious height of Parnassus, these fair and modest writers (for, we understand, they are of that sex who are the natural guardians and lovers of children,) have again condescended to gather flowers at the very foot of the mountain, to wreath the brows of infancy, and strew the narrow path of knowledge at its entrance. We say they have *condescended* to do this, because it is hard to divest the pride of intellect of any advantage that would set it off to the public; and, with the consciousness of superior powers, and the pledge of future and greater fame from past success, to most poets it would be no small self-denial to confine themselves to the nursery and the play-ground, and sing to please children, when they might hope to command the admiration of men:—for children, however they may be delighted with the song, pay no tribute of applause to the singer; but, when they are charmed with a beautiful idea in a book, feel the same simple and unmixed pleasure as when they gaze at a peacock or listen to the cuckoo. It never enters into their unsophisticated minds to attach merit to the authors of any of their blessings. The desire, and the sense of enjoyment, are born with them, but gratitude and admiration they must be taught. Hence there is little temptation, (except the pure impulse to do good) to compose meritorious works of any kind for the amusement of those, who, even when they are fascinated by the productions of genius, neither flatter the vanity, nor reward the labours of their benefactors. But the amiable authors of these Hymns have condescended yet lower than merely to limit their excursions within the former petty bounds; they have condescended to sacrifice all the gayest recommendations of their former poetry. Wit, humour, vivacity, were to be entirely foregone—the sallies of imagination restricted—brilliant and surprising turns of thought rarely and cautiously admitted—and, in a word, every dispensable ornament of fancy expression rejected,—when the subjects of the song were the mysteries of the Christian religion, to be communicated

in language suited to the capacities of children,—when, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, the praise of God was to be perfected. Nothing of all that pleases in fine writing was left for their use, but to clothe the truth in words so clear and pure, that it should appear as if its robes were light from Heaven that shone around it, to reveal its beauty and proportion, to attract the eye that rolled in darkness, and direct the feet that wandered in error. This our authors have endeavoured to do: in many instances they have happily accomplished it, in more they have only partially succeeded, in almost all they have manifested the will to do well by doing the best in their power; and, without violence or ostentation, adhering to simplicity of sentiment and “ plainness of speech,”—according to the appropriate expression of their motto. When we consider that the children of the present generation will be the men and women of the next, and the fathers and mothers of the generation to come; when we recollect how deeply and indelibly the truths which we learned in infancy, remain in our own minds, and how perpetually, though often imperceptibly, influential those truths are (even when we hate and try to stifle them) on our lives and actions;—we cannot imagine how noble talents can be more worthily employed than in embuing infant minds with the pure precepts of the gospel, and teaching immortal souls, in the earliest stage of their existence, those “ things that belong to their peace.”

Dr. Watts's *Divine Songs for Children* are a small, but no insignificant part of his multifarious and important labours. Were they expunged from his works, the eye would scarcely perceive that the bulk was lessened: but who can calculate the innocent pleasure and the abiding profit which they have afforded to thousands and ten thousands of our countrymen in the lapse of the last century?—and much more, who can estimate the treasure of instruction and delight which would be lost to millions and tens of millions in ages to come? Not as a rival, but as a worthy companion of Dr. Watts's invaluable volume, we earnestly recommend these “ *Hymns for infant Minds*” to all who are concerned in the care, or interested in the welfare of children. *They* cannot too soon be taught to love the name, to lisp the praise, to learn the fear of God,—for “ the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.”

The subjects of these Hymns, though not very numerous, are sufficiently diversified:—time, death, eternity,—creation and redemption,—the judgments and mercies of God,—the weakness and wickedness of the human heart,—the beauty and holiness exemplified in early piety,—the necessity of repre-

tance and the forgiveness of sins,—the worth of the scriptures—filial, social, and domestic duties, &c. &c.—supply the often varying yet returning themes. One sentiment, of incalculable influence on the minds that have once been duly impressed with it, is strongly and repeatedly urged throughout this little work,—the universal presence of an all-seeing and all-knowing God, to whom his rational creatures are responsible for every thought, and word, and deed. “*Thou God! seest me,*” the motto of the following piece, ought to be so habitually on our lips, so engraven in our hearts,—that the mind should become as perpetually conscious of omnipresent Deity as the eye is of all revealing light: for then, and then only, shall we “live as seeing Him that is invisible,” while we remember, that He who is invisible, for ever sees us,—that he is at our side, in our path, and around our bed,—that “in Him we live, and move, and have our being.”

- Among the deepest shades of night
Can there be one who sees my way?
- Yes;—God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.
- When ev’ry eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without controul?
- No; for a constant watch He keeps,
On ev’ry thought of ev’ry soul.
- If I could find some cave unknown
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone;
On every side there would be God:
- He smiles in Heaven; he frowns to hell;
He fills the air, the earth, the sea:—
I must within his presence dwell;
I cannot from his anger flee.—
- Yet I may flee—he shews me where;
Tells me to Jesus Christ to fly:
And while he sees me weeping there,
There’s only mercy in his eye.’ pp. 33, 34.

Though the following Hymn is in the same measure, and much of the same character as the preceding, we must quote

- How long, sometimes, a day appears
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move as slow as if the years
Would never pass away.
- It seems a long, long time ago
That I was taught to read;
And since I was a babe, I know
‘Tis very long indeed.

‘ But even years are passing by,
 And soon must all be gone ;
 For day by day, as minutes fly,
 Eternity comes on.
 ‘ Days, months, and years, must have an end ;
 Eternity has none ;
 ’Twill always have as long to spend
 As when it first begun !
 ‘ Great God ! an infant cannot tell
 How such a thing can be ;
 I only pray that I may dwell
 That long, long time with thee.’ pp. 49, 50.

The two last' verses are of unrivalled excellence, both for lively simplicity of thought, and easy, exquisite diction; they present the thoughts of a child in the words of a child.

These Hymns are composed for different ages and capacities of children. Of the very humblest we need give no example; it might appear to disadvantage in our pages, though perfectly appropriate in its place. A specimen of one of the more complex and ingenious pieces that are interspersed will, no doubt, be acceptable, even to our hoary-headed readers, who may find a useful lesson for self-examination in the following pretty poem: it is intitled *the way to find out pride.*

‘ Pride, ugly Pride, sometimes is seen
 By haughty looks, and lofty mien ;
 But oft’er it is found, that Pride
 Loves deep within the heart to hide ;
 And, while the looks are mild and fair,
 It sits and does its mischief there.

‘ Now, if you really wish to find
 If Pride is lurking in your mind,
 Inquire if you can bear a slight,—
 Or patiently give up your right.—
 Can you submissively consent
 To take reproof and punishment,
 And feel no angry temper start,
 In any corner of your heart ?—
 Can you with frankness own a crime,
 And promise for another time ?
 Or say you’ve been in a mistake ;
 Nor try some poor excuse to make,
 But freely own that it was wrong
 To argue for your side so long ?—
 Flat contradiction can you bear,
 When you are right, and know you are ;
 Nor flatly contradict again,
 But wait, or modestly explain,

And tell your reasons one by one,
Nor think of triumph, when you've done?—
Can you, in business or in play,
Give up your wishes, or your way?—
Or do a thing against your will,
For somebody that's younger still?—
And never try to overbear,
Or say a word that is not fair?—
Does laughing at you, in a joke,
No anger, nor revenge, provoke;
But, can you laugh yourself, and be
As merry as the company?—
Or, when you find that you could do
To them, as they have done to you,
Can you keep down the wicked thought,
And do exactly as you ought?

‘ Put all these questions to your heart,
And make it act an honest part,
And, when they've each been fairly try'd,
I think you'll own that you have pride:
Some one will suit you, as you go,
And force your heart to tell you so;
But, if they all should be denied,
Then—you're too proud to own your pride!’ pp. 15—17.

The first and last verses in the following Hymn are very beautiful, and in the purest and happiest style of the writers. We cannot exactly say why we prefer them to the two intervening ones, but we feel, when we read them, as if the first and fourth contained the prayer of a child, the second that of a grown person; the third is of the right character, but wants the *naïveté* of the two which we have commended.

‘ Lord, hear a sinful child complain,
Whose little heart is very vain—
And folly dwells within :
What is it—for thine eye can see—
That is so very dear to me;
That steals my thoughts away from thee,
And leads me into sin?

‘ Whatever gives me most delight,
If 'tis displeasing in thy sight,
I would no more pursue :—
My strength is small; but great is thine;
O make thy will and pleasure mine,
And help me freely to resign,
And learn to hate it too.

‘ When I attempt to read or pray,
Some folly leads my heart astray,
And sends my thoughts abroad :

How happy are the saints in bliss,
Who love no sinful world like this,
But all their joy and glory is
To serve and praise the Lord!

“ These trifling pleasures here below—
I wonder why I love them so ;
They cannot make me blest :
O that to love my God might be
The greatest happiness to me !
And may he give me grace to see
That this is not my rest ! ” pp. 26, 27.

The sentiments inculcated in every page of this little volume are orthodox and evangelical ; though exception might be taken against various expressions, that might easily be wrested from the meaning, which, we are sure, the pious writers themselves intended by them. We will only point out one phrase, which certainly must be taken with great qualification.

“ *The work I cannot undertake,*
And leave to thee alone ;
And pray thee for thy mercy's sake
To change this heart of stone. ”

True, in one sense :—“ *of ourselves* we can do nothing ; but “ *our sufficiency* is of God, who worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure,” and who, by his apostle, tells us to “ *work out our own salvation with fear and trembling* ” and encourages us to believe, that we “ *can do any thing* through Christ, that strengtheneth us.”

Notwithstanding any slight blemishes in composition, or occasional obscurity of meaning, that may be found in this volume, it is a valuable addition, and will be a graceful ornament to the children’s library.

Art. XIII. *Ta Tsing Leu Lee* ; being the Fundamental Laws, and a Selection from the Supplementary Statutes, of the Penal Code of China originally printed and published in Pekin, in various successive editions, under the sanction, and by the authority, of the several Emperors of the *Ta Tsing*, or present Dynasty. Translated from the Chinese and accompanied with an Appendix, consisting of authentic documents and a few occasional Notes, illustrative of the work, by Sir George Thomas Staunton, Bart. F. R. S. 4to. pp. lxxvi. 581. price 3l. 3bds. Cadell and Co. 1810.

IF our Baronets in general were to employ their time as well as Sir G. Staunton, and consider it fashionable to be a fellow of the Royal Society, rather than a member of the Whip Club or a subscriber at Brooks’s we suspect philosophers would learn to think more reverently of hereditary

distinctions. The work before us is the result of extraordinary attainments, so diligently and judiciously employed as to render an important service to the literary public. Scarcely any other individual, perhaps, was equally competent to the task; nor would any one have done wisely to undertake it, who could not afford to spend his time in the acquisition of an unprofitable celebrity. It is not within reach of the more numerous classes of the community; and indeed the entertainment it affords is too scanty, and the instruction, small as it is, too recondite, to attract attention from general readers. It is a valuable addition, however, to English literature; it is a curiosity which will enrich the museum of our moral history, and assist philosophic investigations, though not adapted for general use. The purposes it may answer are not of essential importance; but they are such as could not be answered by any other means. Sir G. Staunton himself, though his language is extremely modest and becoming, appears to expect some advantages from its publication, beyond the facts and conclusions it may establish. He hopes it will excite his countrymen to the cultivation of Chinese literature, which he recommends to them as a source of instruction in the Arts,—of entertainment in ‘the various branches of a new species of Belles Lettres contained in a highly refined and most singular language,—and of interesting speculation upon the principles, operation, and consequences of the civil policy, characteristic laws, and general system of a government and constitution, not indeed the best or the purest, but certainly the most anciently, and, if we may judge from its duration, the most firmly established, and the most conformable to the genius and character of the people, of any of which mankind has had experience.’ On this point our expectations are not very sanguine. The difficulties of a language, as totally and essentially different in its construction from any other as if it were the contrivance of a distinct order of beings, are too formidable to be generally surmounted, without stronger inducements than any which Sir George’s ingenuity has proposed. The work he has selected for translation appears to have been peculiarly suited to his purpose. Its subject is important, its style plain and simple, its size and form commodious: advantages of great importance to facilitate his task and reward the curiosity of his readers, but which few, if any, other works in the language, can be expected to possess. The productions of Chinese genius, to judge from the specimens already known in Europe, are not likely to become valuable as articles of trade; and literary ambition will hardly pursue the most

difficult path, when it is prompted in so many other directions by the facility of success and the expectation of profit. It is only the spirit of commerce, or the zeal of piety, that can be expected to make its way, to any considerable extent, through the wilderness of the Chinese language into the desert of Chinese literature.

Before we make any remarks on the work Sir George Staunton has translated, it may be proper to give a brief description of it. We shall transcribe a few passages from the preface, as an act of justice to the ability with which it is written.

‘ The laws of the Chinese, if taken in the most comprehensive sense of the term, framed, as they have been, by the wisdom and experience of a long series of ages, and suitably provided, as they are, for the government of an empire, unparalleled in the history of the world, in extent and population, must, it will readily be imagined, be proportionally numerous and complicated. They are also, which is still more embarrassing, generally intermingled in such a degree with details concerning the ancient history and actual condition, of the civil, political, and ceremonial institutions of the empire; that individual works on these subjects, are sometimes extended to the extraordinary lengths of upwards of an hundred volumes, and the aggregate is, of course, enormous in proportion.

‘ From such a vast and heterogeneous mass of materials, to attempt anything like a compendious illustration of the true spirit and character of their legal institutions, would be a very presumptuous, if not absolutely a hopeless undertaking. The *Ta-Tsing-Leu-Lee*, however, happily renders, in this respect, any such laborious and indefinite research unnecessary, as in fact, no selection could be made, however judiciously that would not be superseded by the authority, as far as it extends, of the authenticated compendium.

‘ The Chinese government, according to one of the fundamental principles of its constitution, is, it is to be observed, divided into several distinct, though not altogether independent, branches or departments. The civil and military establishments, the public revenue and expenditure, the national rites and ceremonies, the public works, and the administration of public justice, are each of them regulated by a particular code of law and institutions; but the laws of the empire, in the strictest and most appropriate sense of the term, and which may be denominated *Penal Laws*, by way of contradistinction, are the peculiar and exclusive province of the last of these departments. All regulations which are either directly penal, by the denunciation of punishment in the event of disobedience, or indirectly, by their coercive operation, have evidently a distinct character, though necessarily connected more or less, with every branch of that constitution which is upheld and protected by the sanction.

‘ Accordingly, the *Ta-Tsing-Leu-Lee*, although originating with one, treats indirectly and incidentally of all the branches of the Chinese constitution; and the information it thus imparts, upon a comparatively reduced scale, of the administration of the civil and military affairs

the empire, of the public revenue and public works, and of the ceremonial institutions and observances, though not altogether so clear or so comprehensive, as it might have been in a work having these for its professed objects, will not, probably, to a European reader, be the least acceptable of its contents.'

The original work occupying 2906 octavo pages, it became almost indispensable to adopt some kind of abridgement. Instead of abstracting the substance of the whole, or extracting such parts as might seem most important, Sir George Staunton determined upon a principle of selection which the code itself suggested by the division of the laws into fundamental and supplementary.

'The *Leu*, or Fundamental Laws, are those of which the Penal Code, upon its formation soon after the accession of the present dynasty, appears originally to have consisted, and which, being, at least nominally, permanent, are reprinted in each successive edition, without either alteration or amendment.'

'The *Lee*, or Supplementary Laws, are the modifications, extensions, and restrictions of the Fundamental Laws, which, after undergoing a deliberate examination in the Supreme Councils, and receiving the sanction of the Sovereign, are inserted in the form of clauses, at the end of each article or section of the Code, in order that they might, together with the Fundamental Laws, be equally known and observed. They are generally, however, revised every fifth year, and subjected to such alterations as the wisdom of government determines to be expedient.'

xxix, xxx.

The fundamental code is therefore presented in its true form, accompanied only with extracts of the most important supplementary clauses.—The plan of translation which appears to have been adopted, is that of fidelity to the sense, though not to the idiom; and the freedoms taken with the text are not intended to adorn but only to explain it. We wish the same honest and judicious course had been pursued by every translator of important works from the Eastern languages.

There is reason to believe, that the Chinese have possessed a Code, of some sort, for nearly two thousand years; which has undergone various alterations at the successive elevation of the several dynasties which have governed the empire of China, during that period down to the middle of the seventeenth century, and which then received its present form at the accession of the reiguing dynasty of *ing*. In speaking of the age of this code, Sir George refers to the credibility of those extraordinary pretensions of antiquity which have been advanced in favour of the Chinese empire by its historians, re-echoed with ludicrous situation or detestable hypocrisy by the infidels of Eu-

rope, and regarded with a trembling and jealous scepticism by believers in Divine Revelation. The following remarks, we think, are authorized by the best evidence and the soundest reasoning; and cannot fail to be acceptable to the intelligent reader.

' Although the annals of the Chinese, like those of almost all other nations, are prefaced with incredible, and confessedly fabulous accounts of their primitive state, and of the circumstances which attended their first establishment, yet the period at which that part of their history which is professed to be authentic commences, early as it is, is completely reconcileable with the data concerning the re-peopling of the world, which we derive from the inspired writings. As, therefore, no direct objection can be maintained on this ground to the antiquity claimed by the Chinese, it seems impossible by any indirect objection, drawn from the want of specific external or internal evidence to resist the inference, that a people, whose written language, consisting of symbolical characters, is founded on the most ancient of principles, and the frame of whose government is essentially conformable to the patriarchal system of the first ages, must have segregated themselves (if the expression may be allowed) from the rest of mankind before the period at which the symbolical was superceded by the alphabetical character, and the patriarchal, by other systems and forms of government.' p. xviii.

It is remarkable that in one respect the Chinese should have advanced so far beyond the most civilized nations of the earth. Till very lately, the French had nothing like a code of laws; and we need scarcely observe, that the national jurisprudence of our own country is any thing but orderly and systematic; it is a semi-chaos, "without form but happily not 'void.'" The time may come, when a Code of English law shall be compiled and sanctioned by legislative authority; when its proportions shall correspond to its materials, and the beauty of the whole to the utility of the parts. If ever such an event should take place, may the spirit of our Alfred inspire the breast of our Justinian.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

Art. XIV. *The Death of Abel*, by Solomon Gessner. With notes. Translated from the German by Frederic Shoberl. 12mo. pp. liv. 131. 4s. 6d. Cundee.

GESSNER has obtained more fame abroad than at home. His works were comparatively neglected in his own land and in his own language; and it was in Paris, as Mr. Shoberl observes, the seat of gaiety, and refinement, that his simple and charming muse made her conquest. In her English dress,—as tawdry and uncouth as the fashions of the reign of George II, when she was brought out by Mrs. Collyer,—she has attracted innumerable admirers, and to this day

inues to be the wonder and delight of the young and the pious in the humbler classes of society. The Death of Abel, during the last half century, has rivalled the Pilgrim's Progress and Robinson Crusoe in popularity; and for this there must have been some better cause, than the bad taste of its readers. The deep and awful interest of the story, the events of an age truly pastoral, mingled with scenes of domestic felicity and suffering that come home to every bosom, but, above all, the fervent piety, and the powerful excitation not only of those feelings in man that endear to him the world in which he lives, but of those mysterious ones that unite him with another,—still surviving, however impaired, amidst the blunders and bombast of a bad translation,—secured to the poem, (if poem it may be called, that is neither prose or verse,) an enduring, if not an imperishable reputation. An imperishable reputation, we believe, might be obtained for it, by an English translation worthy of the noble original. But this we can scarcely hope for, when we consider that there is not one book in our language, composed in the flowery and fantastic prose so much admired in France and Germany, that deserves to be read for the sake of its style, or indeed that can be read with pleasure by any man of elegant mind; and unless such a book added to our stock of *elegant* literature, it must necessarily add to that which depraves taste and misleads genius. We are glad, however, to see a new translation of the Death of Abel, certainly superior both in fidelity and spirit to the former, which we hope it will supplant, though not without a wish that it may in its turn be supplanted by a better.

To this translation are prefixed "Memoirs of Gessner," principally taken from Mr Hottinger's "Life," published in 1796, which will be deemed a valuable addition to the book by the numerous admirers of the Swiss Poet. The book is neatly printed, and handsomely embellished with a head of Gessner and other prints.

XV. *Christ Divided*; a Sermon, preached at the Triennial Visitation of the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, at Grantham, in June, 1809; by T. F. Middleton, D. D. Rector of Fansor and Rytham, and Prebendary of Lincoln. 4to. pp. 29. price 2s. 6d. Cadell and Davies, 1810.

THE object of this visitation sermon is to reclaim dissenters into the pale of the established church, by urging against them the charge of *nonconformity*: we are sorry that we cannot compliment the learned author on the ingenuity in managing his argument, or on its apparent tendency to success. He seems not to be aware, that dissenters retort the charge with as much earnestness, and in their own conceptions with more truth. The conscientious nonconformist would protest against his separation from the church by law established being considered as 'a yielding to the dictate of his humour.' He would say it was not a matter of choice, but of duty which induced him to separate from a community whose constitutions, offices, and worship, not to say its principles, were, in his opinion, irreconcilable with the great rule of Christian faith and practice. He would affirm that the leading arguments by which protestant writers vindicate the separation from the

Church of Rome in the sixteenth century, are valid in his defence against the church of England ; and maintain that the guilt of schism (*σχίσμα*, division) attached not to him, but to those who demanded of him a compliance with terms of communion, which were, as he thought, devoid of any scriptural sanction.

In this state of things, declamatory crimination is strikingly improper on either side. Both the parties have a previous question to be determined : and if they were mutually desirous, in a sincere and candid spirit, to determine it by that which they both profess to regard as a common basis of ultimate authority, the WORD OF GOD —we cannot but think that both would find reason for concession and forbearance, and might discover the means of a nearer approach to the apostolic model of purity in the doctrines and the discipline of our divine religion. The hope of such conciliatory measures is perhaps, painfully distant ; but, in the mean time, we are persuaded that every sincere and pious dissenter will add his best wishes for the success of Dr. M.'s concluding injunction : 'Let us obviate, as far as possible, every plea for separation founded on our apparent indifference to the spiritual welfare of our flocks : let us habitually meditate on the momentous obligations which we have voluntarily and solemnly incurred : let our talents, our leisure, our authority, our benevolence be devoted to this sacred cause : above all let us remember, that whatever be our natural powers, we are not sufficient for the great task in which we have engaged, unless God shall bless our endeavour with the aid of His Holy Spirit.'

Art. XVI. *Little Dramas for Young People*, on Subjects taken from English History ; intended to promote among the rising generation an early love of virtue and their country. By Mrs. B. Hoole, Author of "La Fête de la Rose," &c. 12mo. pp. 128. price 3s. board Longman and Co. 1810.

THESE dramas are composed in a very simple form, and in easy unaffected blank verse. The subjects are, the death of Henry II. the flight of Queen Margaret, the death of Lady Jane Grey, and the fortitude of Lady Rachel Russel. As they exhibit historical and moral truths with laudable fidelity and in an attractive shape, we think they may be very properly introduced into schools, whatever doubt may be entertained respecting the expediency of representing them, even as a mere recreation, and in the most private manner.

Art. XVII. *The Leisure Hour Improved* ; or, Moral Miscellanies, in Prose and Verse, original and selected. 12mo. pp. 200. Price 4s. I. bridge, Smith ; Longman and Co. 1810.

THE contents of this miscellany can scarcely fail to produce some literary impressions on the reader's mind. Some of the original pieces have a respectable degree of literary merit. The principal authors from whom the selections have been made, are Feltham, Blair, Watts, Sardin, Law, Cowper, Barbauld, and Doddridge.

Art. XVIII. *Consolations on the Death of Christian Friends*: a Sermon occasioned by the much lamented Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Hill, wife of the Rev. Thomas Hill, one of the Tutors of the Honerton Academy, who departed this Life, June 1, 1810. By Robert Winter, D. D. To which is subjoined a Memoir of the Deceased. London, 8vo. pp. 59. Price 2s. Conder, Burditt, and Hamilton. 1810.

THIS excellent sermon, from the pen of Dr. Winter, is founded on Rev. xiv. 13—‘ And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth,’ &c. The general division flows naturally from the text, and affords a fine range for appropriate and edifying discussion: the topics of argument and illustration are happily selected and applied; and the style, though in some instances rendered less energetic by too much verbal expansion, is correct and simple, and well adapted to the preacher’s manner. Dr. W. does not present a display of recondite erudition, nor does he flourish in verbal criticism, and learned allusion; but he discovers what, in addressing an audience on an occasion so deeply affecting, is infinitely more important, a mind earnestly employed in unfolding and illustrating a subject of unspeakable moment, in connexion with death and a future world, and in pressing it on the attention and consciences of his hearers.

From the many excellent passages with which this discourse abounds, we cite the following, as it presents a good specimen of the author’s manner, and contains a striking proof of the transcendent superiority of the Christian religion, over the chilling and appalling system of Infidelity.

‘ Infidelity is a cheerless companion in a house of mourning. The system which excludes comfort and annihilates hope, when comfort and hope are more needed than ever they were before, is a poor and feeble substitute for the Gospel of Christ, which meets and relieves our most pressing necessities, and tells us of blessings which are able, and which alone are able to heal the broken hearted, and to comfort all that mourn. Man has never been able to invent, even to fancy for himself, blessings so adapted to his wants as Christianity is. Its discoveries have so direct a tendency to enlighten the mind, to console the heart, to invigorate the resolutions, to purify the whole character, and to render meet for the glory which reveals every mind that duly receives it, that it must be something more than “a cunningly devised fable;” it must be the scheme which infinite wisdom has ordained, and which almighty love is executing, for the everlasting salvation of the guilty and perishing race of Adam.’

Dr. W. concludes his discourse by a affectionate testimony to the worth and character of the estimable person whose death he commemorates, and by an appropriate address to the surviving relatives,—the christian society in which by her death ‘a renewed breach had been made’—and the students of the seminary over the domestic economy of which she had so honourably and successfully presided.

The memoir of Mrs. H. added to the sermon, is written throughout with great tenderness of feeling, chastened, however, by a due sense of resignation to the Supreme Disposer of events; and together with a particulars of her short but exemplary and useful life, contains a sim-

ple and touching commemoration of her various excellences, and a discriminative outline of the leading features of her mind and character. 'Placed in a highly important and responsible situation' it is observed,

'A prevailing desire to be useful in that station, lay at the foundation of all her actions. To be useful she perceived it must be her endeavour to make her family happy. On this therefore she bestowed her constant attention, which was supported by a sense of duty, by a natural energy, and by a peculiar delight—Her diligence in domestic business was unwearied. It was a principle with her not needlessly to postpone her engagements; and 'she was so happy in the art of timing and disposing her plans, that though never unoccupied, she was seldom so engaged as not to be at liberty, if required, without inconvenience to her family economy.—Her conscientious regard to the duties of personal religion rendered her private character unspeakably valuable; as the influence of example forms one of the strongest associations.—She cherished the sentiment that true religion produces the best morality. Hence the strictest integrity governed her whole conduct in all the relations of life. This was held sacred in every action, and from it she never would deviate, whatever a selfish policy might suggest. Open, generous, and benevolent, she was fortified against every species of duplicity, and unworthy self-interest; and 'with delicate and exalted notions of the mutual obligations of society—especially as connected with religion—she observed the strictest punctuality in keeping her promises and engagements,' &c.

The following passage, taken from a short memorial drawn up by the students of the family, soon after the death of Mrs. H., is not less honourable to the genuine, heart-seated kindness of the writers, than to the memory of that departed excellence which it so feelingly deplores.

'If any one feature might be selected as pre-eminent in her domestic character, it should be her uncommon tenderness and sympathy in 'case of sickness and affliction. During her residence at Homerton, the family was visited with a series of very alarming providences; some of the students were taken away by death, and others in a very precarious state of health required almost constant attention. It was then that she appeared as a ministering angel, sent to spread light and comfort through the abode of sorrow; at her presence dejection gave way to hope; and even mortal anguish strove to assume the appearance of a smile. Her kind inquiries and grateful attentions are deeply engraven on many a grateful heart. It will not soon be forgotten how that, even when bodily weakness might well have pleaded an excuse, she seemed to forget herself in her anxiety for the health and comfort of those around her. Blessed spirit thou shalt receive a glorious recompence, at that day when the Redeemer shall acknowledge thy work and labour of love, and shall say with gracious approbation, "I was sick and ye ministered unto me."—That one whose life was so valuable and useful, should be removed from the scene of her labours so soon, remains among the mysteries of providence, which are to be developed at another day. Great God we bow with trembling submission to thy awful but righteous decisions. Yet would we not mourn as those who have no hope—Yet would we endeavour to forget for a moment our affliction, in the contemplation of that exceeding weight of glory, with which our departed friend is already invested in the world of immortality. Yet she now rests from her labours, and her works shall follow her. Some

who went before, and whose rough access to the gate of death was alleviated and rendered tolerable by her sympathy, have already hailed her entrance into the Redeemer's 'unsuffering kingdom'. O hers who are left behind—feel it a debt of justice to departed worth, as well as an office soothing to their own feelings, thus to make an honourable mention of virtues over whose remembrance they still weep, and which deserve to be universally known and emulated.'

Towards the commencement of the memoir some observations occur on the danger—in delineating *religious* character—of casting those traits which conduce to the most beneficial effects in social life, too much into the shade, and of laying a disproportionate stress on a few feelings and expressions, unconnected with a previous consistency of temper and conduct.' They are so excellent that we are sorry our limits will not permit us to transcribe them.

Art. XIX. *Odes, Lyrical Ballads, and Poems on various Occasions.* By Stephen George Kemble, Comedian. 8vo. pp. 309. Price 10s. 6d. Printed for the author by Ballantyne and Co. and sold by all the booksellers. 1809

SUCH poems as these one might have expected a comedian would be able to write, and his admirers be willing to read. It is however but justice to the author's character, to say that in point of morality, they are somewhat better than might have been expected from his profession.

Art. XX. *The Universal Explanatory Reader*, calculated to assist both Teacher and Pupil; consisting of Pieces from approved Authors, on Interesting and Improving Subjects. By W. Pinaock. On a Plan entirely new. 12mo. pp. 380. Price 5s bound. Alton, Pinnock, Longman and Co. Darton and Co. 1810.

MR. PINNOCK'S 'entirely new plan' is, to mark the more difficult words in his reading lessons with italics, and prefix to each an explanatory table: he has also added some useful notes. The selection is upon the whole commendable.

Art. XXI. *Odes, Sonnets, and other Poems.* By William Macdowall Tartt. fcp. 8vo. pp. 154. price 5s. Longman and Co. 1810.

WITH the usual faults, Mr. Tartt has rather more than the usual merits of juvenile rhymers. We could wish some of his fine passages had been a little less finical, and some of his animated ones a little less *animal*.

Art. XXII. *The Caledonian Comet* : 8vo. pp. 22. Price 1s. Dwyer, 1810.

DISTRESSED beyond measure, at the prevalence of 'the old ballad style of poetry', the author of this poetical performance steps forward to administer a 'strong corrective.' The person whom he has selected to take this unpleasant physic, as the reader will at once conjecture, is the unfortunate Mr. Scott. After likening this writer in the most derogatory manner to the Young Roscius, he proceeds to accuse him of certain very heavy offences—of making the 'shade of Milton' point in vain 'to his

‘ noble epic’—putting the memory of Dryden into very imminent hazard—submerging poor Shakespeare in ‘ his own Avon’—and overcoming, in pitched battle, the ‘ keen Gifford,’ ‘ the mild Jerningham,’ ‘ the glowing Shee’ and the versatile author of the battles of Talavera. All these unfortunate persons, it should seem,

‘ — must lose their rightful praise,
For magic trash and border frays.’

Of this trash our critic then makes a very scrupulous analysis,

‘ We find descriptive skill ’tis true,
But *nothing* excellent or new.’—
Nothing of spirit interest power
To soothe a dull or weary hour.’

He concludes by an animated vituperation of *Marmion*. It is needless to point out to the attention of our readers the impartiality of the criticism, the *vis poetica* of the reasoning or the keen severity of the satire. As for Mr. Scott we fear he is in the literary sense a ‘ dead man.’

Art. XXIII. *Scripture Pronunciation*; by a new and familiar Method adapted to English Readers and Schools; whereby the most approved Pronunciation of the difficult proper Names in the Old and New Testament may be easily attained. 12mo. pp. 38. Price 8d. or 1s. extra Boards. Kent, Maxwell. 1810.

THIS is a cheap, and, to its appropriate order of purchasers, may be recommended as an useful publication. There was no occasion, however, for the editor to denominate his method a *new* one.

Art. XXIV. *Poems*; consisting of the *Mysteries of Mendip*, the *Mag Ball*, *Sonnets*, retrospective *Wanderings*, and other *Poems*, by James Jennings. 12mo. pp. 240. price 5s. Darton and Harvey. 1810.

WITH a versatility of genius that cannot be too much admired and applauded, Mr. Jennings has here produced lines of all sizes on subjects of almost every description,—wonderful, witty, sublim and pathetic. His *Pegasus*, if not usually a very spirited animal, at least made to prance in a great variety of paces. Sometimes are called upon to amble him in rhyme, then again to gallop him in prose, then to run him round in fourteens, till at last he gets the whip hand of us, scampers off at full speed, and fairly throws us dactylics.

The *magnum opus* of the volume is intitled ‘ the *mysteries of Mendip* or the *lost lady*,’ and is founded on a certain superstition or ‘ specimen of credulity well known in Somersetshire.’ To illustrate this Mr. Jennings has supposed a case. A certain lady, B, has two suitors, and O, of whom, liking A the best, she forthwith resolves to espouse him. O, it appears, takes this in high dudgeon; and being a malicious bloody minded fellow, waylays his quondam mistress as she returning from a solitary ramble. Pouncing on her without warning

‘ She swooned—execration alight on his name !
 With a garter he close her hands tied ;
 Her then with a girdle he bound to a stone,
 And the fair lady Blanche and the stone he roll’d down ;
 Together both sank in the wave.’

Search is immediately set on foot for the ‘ lost lady,’ but in vain ; and for several years she lies undisturbed at the bottom of the water. At length, on one eventful evening—

‘ The maiden of Blanche pass’d the room where once slept
 This daughter of beauty and love,
 The door was half open : ’twas nothing she saw
 But she heard an astonishing noise !’

This noise the affrighted waiting-maid conceives to be ‘ her dear lady,’ and ‘ aghast pale and breathless’ imparts her suspicions to the ladies and gentlemen below stairs.

‘ All resolved to be witnesses, but much ado
 Was amongst them who first should go in.’

Not being sufficiently courageous, therefore, to explore the cause of this astonishing noise, the agitated domestics despatch John ‘ the butler’ to consult a cunning old miserly wizard. The diet and habiliments of thisique personage are described with laudable precision. His residence is ruined abbey, and his wife ‘ a withered hag’ with a ‘ grey beard !’ The reader, we doubt not, is anxious to learn the names of this interesting couple, to whom John the butler is so formally introduced. This too Mr. Jennings tells us in due time.

— ‘ Superstition his name
 And Witchcraft his grey-bearded wife.’

So much for Mr. Jennings’s talent at allegory !

The sonnets and inscriptions are much better upon the whole than the poems, though still disfigured by many improprieties ; among which the perpetual recurrence of unmeaning personifications, and the affected employment of scriptural phraseology, are not the least conspicuous. Five of the twenty sonnets are addressed ‘ to her who understands it.’ Mr. Jennings has most probably adopted this enigmatical mode of expression from design, we shall not rudely attempt to pry into his secret ; but merely assure the reader that this intelligent lady is ‘ a shining gem of soul’—possessed of ‘ pure pathos’—and empowered, ‘ that he cannot live without her,’ to ‘ preside over’ Mr. Jennings’s ‘ passioned soul.’

Next in order come certain Fragments,—the *disjecta membra*, we should imagine, of some juvenile epic, which the ‘ affectionate’ author could not find in his heart to commit to the flames. It must have been a noble performance, if it sustained in any tolerable manner the unparallelled grandeur of the introduction.

‘ A Storm collecting wide through ether frown’d :
 Black grew the Day ; the muttering Clouds proclaim’d
 Their grand artillery prominent to burst
 Full charg’d, awaiting the electric fire.

The hooded Mountain lowered with dark dismay,
 The brow-forbidding hill the murky mist
 Sustained, in rolling fragments. Eurus scour'd
 The air with piercing fangs; while Phœbus shunn'd
 The threat'ning combat, nor, as arbiter,
 Durst interpose a single ray.—
 Of elemental ball by Eurus forg'd
 Tremendous volties pour'd; and big Thunder frown'd
 Again yet louder; Lightning now began
 Incessantly to dart his javelin, &c.'

Virgil's storm is a mere Scotch mist compared with this; and, indeed we recollect scarcely any thing in the whole compass of poetry that pretend to stand in competition with it, but the sublime speech of the Gothenburgh player, about King Pyrrhus and the "mobled Queen in Hamlet. The idea of a 'loud frown' is perfectly inimitable.

The remaining 'poems' of the volume are with great propriety called 'miscellaneous.' We cannot stop to particularize them, and shall only notice, therefore, a few minor elegances. Mr. Jennings has favoured us with a large assortment of words and combinations of his own invention such as 'exampling', 'englooming', 'beloved affectionates', 'warsounding tumult', 'wavy-wending zephyr', 'hands blood-legalized', &c. In some 'lines' written in the ruins of Chepstow Castle, he tells

— 'Here long time

Was Henry Martin gorg'd with mercy high,
 And close seclusion from the sons of men.'

At page 146 we met with a peculiarly delicate personification of Winter

— 'Old Winter is come from the cold northern ocean,
 With snows on his grey beard and storms in his rear.'

We were not a little surprised in the 'retrospective wanderings' (or blank verse narrative of Mr. Jennings's various locomotions) to find that he

— 'down to HELL

Descended:

—until upon turning to the notes we discovered that this was no other than the terrene habitation of John Jane, Esq.

We must not forget to observe, that our author is particularly communicative of his personal concerns; and has 'intreated the candid reader liberality for the frequent mention of the monosyllable I,' not without good reason. Addison has significantly remarked that it conduced much to the right understanding of an author to know, whether said author be a black or a fair man, a married man or a bachelor. Jennings seems to carry this notion still farther; and has with good nature informed us, that he is occasionally troubled

— 'With enteritic and hepatic ill.'

The reader will now find no difficulty, we should think, in appreciating the poetical merits of Mr. Jennings; and will probably agree with us in our opinion, that however attractive his performances might have looked in the 'Monthly Magazine' and the 'Annual Mythology,' they cut a sorry figure in a neatly printed wire-wove duodecimo.

Art. XXV. *The World displayed*; or the Characteristic Features of Nature and Art exhibited. On a new plan: intended for Youth in general, as an outline of the most striking parts of useful information; and as a remembrancer to those of riper years. By John Greig, Teacher of Mathematics, Geography, &c. 12mo. pp. vi. 664. Price 8s. 6d. bound. Cradock and Joy, 1810.

FEW months ago we examined a little book of Mr. Greig's*, which we were not able to extol so highly either as we might wish or as he might expect. This indefatigable author again claims our attention; and we confess we are more pleased with his attempt to guide us to the knowledge of the earth, than with his former introduction to an acquaintance with the heavens. Mr. Greig is, clearly, either a man of learning, nor a man of science; but he seems to have laboured hard to acquire useful knowledge, and to be animated by a laudable desire to impart it to others. He appears solicitous both to excite a thirst for information in the minds of young persons, and to satisfy it; and though he has not been equally successful in both these respects, yet he has exerted his talents beneficially, and therefore deserves commendation.

The principal part of this book is devoted to Geography. Had the work however, been merely a treatise on that subject, we should probably have taken but little notice of it here, for the reasons we assigned when describing the incomparable work of *Professor Guy*. But Mr. Greig's arrangement is totally different from any thing we have seen before; and besides this, he treats pretty much at large, several subjects but cursorily discussed by other authors, and introduces others which are once entertaining and instructive, and are now, as far as we recollect, thrown for the first time into a school book of Geography. Thus, it records several extraordinary efforts of human art and industry—describes various singular animals inhabiting different parts of the globe, curious and valuable plants, &c.—descants upon the nature of minerals, metals—and upon the fundamental principles and maxims of several branches of science, as mechanics, hydrostatics, electricity, &c. The chapter is devoted to Biography, and presents very brief accounts of "illustrious British characters", "foreign characters", and of "the persons engaged at the siege of Troy". This part of the work, however, is far too concise to be useful to any class of readers. Should Mr. Greig's performance reach a new edition, which we look highly probable, we trust he will make some emendations in arrangement, of which, we assure him it is very susceptible. We trust, too, he will guard against errors, a few of which we shall here, as far as our limits will permit, point out.—From the following explanatory sentence it seems quite evident, that whatever attention Mr. Greig may have paid to arts and sciences generally, he is not very versed in the business of theology. "The Christian religion, derived from Christ its founder; the elementary parts of this religion are contained in the bible: it is divided into four distinct churches; the three great sects, the Roman Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists, the two latter are cut a way called Protestants!" p. 10—Mr. G. is wrong in saying that "at Weston, in Somersetshire, there is an extraordinary privilege, that

* The Astrography. See *Ecl. Rev.* Vol. VI. p. 568.

every pot-wallop, that is, he who dresses his own victuals, is entitled to vote for members of parliament: this 'extraordinary privilege', here confined to Taunton, is enjoyed at Peterborough, and nearly twenty other places. At p. 604, our author speaks of Bishop Wilkins's "mechanical magic." There is no such work: Mr. G. means his "mathematical magic."—At p. 608, mention is made of "*La machine Furniculaire*. The author should have said *machine furniculaire*—being that in which *cords* only are employed to sustain weights, or to counterbalance several powers. In the same page Mr. G. describes another machine in language which we cannot comprehend: it is, 'such a machine as would convey a range of elastic bodies *increasing in their progressions*.'—Speaking of Dr. Roger Long, our author says 'he is particularly distinguished for making the largest *globes* in the world.' We never heard of one globe of Dr. Long's making; namely, that of 18 feet diameter, which is now to be seen at Pembroke hall, Cambridge.—London and Westminster bridges are described at p. 274: but Mr. G. makes no mention of Blackfriars' bridge, though by far the most beautiful structure of the three. It was built at little more than *half* the expense of Westminster; and remains a noble monument of the taste, judgement, and science, of its able architect, Mr. Mylne.

Having thus briefly noticed some of the merits and defects of the publication, we have only to wish, that the author may receive with much good will as it is given, the advice—that before he indulges much farther in his practice of authorship, he would endeavour to enlarge his knowledge and improve his taste—think much, read much, write slowly, and copy none.

Art. XXVI. *The Deity and Filiation of Jesus Christ*: being the substance of two discourses preached in Grape-Lane Chapel, York. 8 pp. 31. price 1s. Todd, York; Longman and Co. 1810.

IN this anonymous pamphlet, the scriptural arguments for the divinity of our Saviour are placed in a concise and satisfactory view. The author has been judicious in his selection of evidences, and in the rejection of those passages which, however commonly adduced, just criticism has shewn to be erroneous readings, or otherwise inapplicable. He writes with freedom and candour, and indicates a temper the reverse of dogmatism. He submits, with great modesty whether the Trinity in the divine unity may be 'not so much a radical and original as an *assumed*, distinction in the Divine Nature.' Yet he discloses the Sabellian hypothesis, though, as it appears to us he thereby forfeits his consistency; and observes that, 'though with regard to finite beings, there is no distinction but that of modes and substance, we cannot hence infer that the unsearchable nature of God may not consist of some other real, but incomprehensible, distinction; a distinction greater than that of three modes, yet less than that of three instances.'

Art. XXVII. *Morning and Evening Prayers*, designed for the use of Christian Families. 12mo. pp. 90. Price 2s. Hatchard. 1810.

WE see nothing in this compilation particularly deserving praise, except its cheapness.

ART. XXVIII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

* * Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending information (post paid,) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.

It is well known to mathematicians that the doctrine of solid angles was left in a very imperfect state by Euclid, and has been scarcely at all advanced by subsequent geometers; one of the latest commentators on Euclid, Professor Playfair, having remarked that "we have no way of expounding, *even in the simplest cases*, the ratio which one of them bears to another." Dr. Gregory, of the Royal Military Academy, has recently invented a theory of solid angles which is at once simple, satisfactory, and universal in its application. By means of this theory the relative magnitudes of solid angles may be ascertained, not only when they are of the same class,—as those formed by the meeting of three planes, those by the meeting of four planes, the angles at the vertices of cones, &c.—but angles of one class may be compared with those of another, with respect to magnitude; and their mutual relations be determined, by processes as obvious and elementary as the usual operations in Plane Trigonometry. He finds, for example, that the solid angles of the regular Tetraedron, Octaedron, Hexaedron, and of the right-angled cone, are denoted by the numbers 87.73611, 16.95185, 250, and 292.89322, respectively; the maximum limit of solid angles being expressed by 1000.

In the month of October will be published, on a large whole sheet copper plate impression beautifully executed, price 2s. 6d., A comparative view of the flourishing and prosperous state of the revenue, public credit, commerce, agriculture and manufactures of Great Britain; the very great saving in the present method of managing the public expenditure; and the improved state of happiness and comfort enjoyed by the industrious working parts of the community.—Collected from official and other authentic documents; by Lieut. Keeler N.

Dr. Carey has in the press a new edition of "Practical English Prosody and Versification; or Descriptions of the different species of English Verse, with

Exercises in Scanning and Versification, gradually accommodated to the various capacities of youth at different ages, and calculated to produce Correctness of Ear and Taste, in reading and writing Poetry; the whole interspersed with occasional remarks on Etymology, Syntax, and Pronunciation"—and accompanied with a "Key," for the convenience of teachers, or of those who wish to learn without a teacher.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in one volume 8vo. Hints on Toleration: in five essays: submitted to the Rt. Hon. Lord Viscount Sidmouth, and to the Dissenters. By Philagatharches.

The Rev. James Rudge, is preparing for the press, twenty-five Discourses on the Creed, delivered at the church of St. Ann, Limehouse, at the afternoon lecture.

A new edition of the Works of Archbishop Secker, in six octavo volumes, is in forwardness at the press.

Dr. Watkins is engaged in a History of the Bible or a connected View of the Sacred Records; with copious Dissertations and Notes, forming an entire commentary on the inspired volume. An Appendix will be subjoined, containing Memoirs of the apostolic age, Chronological Tables of Sacred and Profane History, &c. to form two quarto volumes.

Speedily will be published by Mr. J. Fuller, Surgeon-Dentist, a popular essay on the Structure, Formation, and Management of the Teeth. The object of this work being of a very general and popular nature, the author has particularly aimed at familiarity and clearness of expression. A concise but correct natural history of the teeth is followed by explicit directions for their treatment through the various stages of dentition, perfection and disease, accompanied with observations on artificial teeth, describing the most approved methods of their application and management. It has been the author's endeavour to comprise in this little work every

circumstance instructive or useful; and the facts and opinions are entirely the result of observation and experience. It is illustrated by six quarto engravings, accurately executed from drawings made expressly for this work. 1 volume price 6s.

In preparation, and speedily will be published in one volume 8vo. A translation of Breitkopf's remarks on the History of the invention of printing; together with a summary of the contents of an enlarged work on that subject.

An improved edition, for schools, of the original text of Juvenal and Persius, cleared of all the most exceptionable, passages illustrated with explanatory Notes, and preliminary essays, by the late Edward Owen, M. A. Rector of Warrington, is expected to be finished by Michaelmas.

A Set of Prints to illustrate the poem of the Lady of the Lake, from paintings by Cook, are now engraving in the first style by Warren, Heath, Englehart, and Armstrong, for the publishers of the poem.

Mr. Gale will soon publish a work on Grecian Antiquity, with a variety of plates.

Mr. Woodhouse of Caius College, Cambridge, is about to publish a work on Isoperimetrical Problems and the Calculus of Variations.

Mr. A. Nesbit, of Farley, near Leeds, will shortly publish a complete Treatise on Practical Land Surveying.

Mr. Allnutt of Henley is about to publish a new and improved edition of his account of the navigation of the Rivers and Canals West of London.

George Ross, esq. of the Inner Tem-

ple, is preparing for publication the Law of Vender and Purchaser of Personal Property, considered with a view to mercantile transactions.

Mr. Stevenson, of Great Russel-street, pupil to the late Mr. Saunders, will shortly publish a practical work on a very prevalent disease of the Eye.

A Fifth Quarto Volume of Mr. Burke's Works is in the press, under the superintendence of his executor the bishop of Rochester.

Another volume on Capital Punishments, in addition to one already published, is in the press, and is expected to appear early in the next season. To this volume, will be added by way of appendix, extracts relative to the subject of Prisons, &c. from the following works: Liancourt's Travels in America; Isaac Weld's Travels through North America; Lowrie's account of the Penal Laws of Pennsylvania: Turnbull's visit to the Philadelphia Prisons.

A new edition of the Poetical works of Dryden, in a uniform size with Mr. Malone's edition of the Prose works, with the notes of the late Dr. Warton, Mr. John Warton, and others, is in the press, and will appear early in the winter.

A new French work will shortly appear intitled "Contes a ma Fille" par Bonilly, Membre de la Société Philotechnique, de celle des Sciences et Arts de Tours, &c. In these tales which are expressly adapted for young persons under the age of 15 the various difficulties of the French Language, the exceptions to its principal rules, and the eccentricities arising from caprice or fashion, are purposely introduced for their instruction. A Translation also of these tales is in preparation.

Art. XXIX. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED

ANTIQUITIES.

The Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet, Vol. 7, containing 50 plates 12mo. 15s.

BIOGRAPHY.

A new Biographical Dictionary, corrected to July 1810, containing an interesting account of the lives and writings of the most distinguished persons in every age and country. By James Ferguson, Esq. and assistants. Closely printed on a new Pearl type. 5s. 6d.

A Dictionary of Painters, Sculptors,

Architects, and Engravers; containing Biographical Sketches of the most celebrated Artists, from the earliest Age to the present Time; to which is added an Appendix comprising the Substance of Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting in England, from Vertue, forming a complete English School. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

BOTANY.

An Introduction to the Science of Botany, chiefly extracted from the works of Linnæus. To which are

ded several new Tables and Notes. By the late James Lee, Nurseryman and Florist, at the Vineyard, Hammersmith. The Fourth Edition, corrected and considerably enlarged, by James Lee, Son and successor to the Author, 8vo. 14s. and with the plates accurately coloured. 11. 1s.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

Observations in Illustration of Virgil's celebrated Fourth Eclogue. Illustrated by an appropriate Engraving. 8vo. 15s.

EDUCATION.

Instructive Tales, collected from the Family Magazine. By Mrs. Trimmer. 12mo. 4s.

Letters on the Elementary Principles of Education. By Elizabeth Hamilton, Author of the Memoirs of Modern Philosophers, Cottagers of Glenburnie, &c. The fifth edition, with additional Matter, and the whole revised and newly arranged, 2 Vol. crown 8vo. 16s.

Les Beautés de l'Histoire, tirées des Auteurs anciens et modernes de toutes les nations ; ou, essai sur l'éducation morale de la Jeunesse : dans lequel on tâche de la porter, par des exemples amusans, à l'amour et à la pratique de toutes les vertus ; nouvelle édition, revue et corrigée par L. C. Morlet. 12mo. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

An Illustration of the Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman Costume, in formal Outlines, with descriptions ; selected, drawn, and engraved, by Thomas Baxter. Imperial 8vo. 16s. royal 4to, 12s. 6d.

MATHEMATICS.

The means of finding the Longitude at Sea, in Four Dissertations on the first Principles of Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Geography, Navigation, and the Mathematical and Mechanical means of finding the Longitude at Sea. Second Edition, augmented with an Introduction, containing a comment on Newton's Principia, &c. illustrated by Maps and Plates. By Major General Count Grant de Van, author of the History of the Mauritius ; of the Cosmographical Columns of the Celestial Poles ; &c. 4to. 2l. 2s.

MEDICINE.

Some observations upon diseases chiefly as they occur in Sicily. By William Irvine, M. D. F. R. S. Ed. Of the Royal College of Physicians, London, and Physician to his Majesty's Forces. 8vo. 5s.

Thesaurus Medicaminum ; a Selection of Medical Formulae distributed into Classes, and accompanied by Pharmaceutical and Practical Remarks. By R. Pearson, M. D. The Fourth Edition, adapted to the last Editions of the Pharmacopœiae of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, 8vo. 8s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Defence of Lieut. Col. John Bell, of the First Battalion of Madras Artillery, on his Trial at Bangalore, before a General Court Martial, as it was read in Court by his Counsel, Charles Marsh, Esq. Barrister of the supreme court of Judicature, and the King's Advocate in the Vice-admiralty Court at Madras, 3s.

A Letter from a Gentleman high in Office at Madras upon the late Discontents in that Presidency ; containing comments on the principal transactions of Sir George Barlow's Government. 1s.

Minutes of the Proceedings of a General Court Martial, holden at Bangalore, on the 10th January, 1810, on Major Joseph Storey, of the First Battalion of the 19th Regiment of Native Infantry, late senior officer commanding at Masulipatam. 4s.

Encyclopediæ Britannica, Volume xx, Part II. Which completes the new edition of the work. 4to. 15s.

A second reply to the Edinburgh Review. By the author of a reply to the calumnies of that Review against Oxford. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

A Second Letter to Lord Teignmouth, occasioned by his Lordship's Letter to the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. with remarks upon his Lordship's Defence of the British and Foreign Bible Society. By a Country Clergyman. 1s. 6d.

Characteristic Incidents drawn from real life ; or, the History of the Rockingham ; interspersed with a Description of the Inhabitants of Russia, and a Variety of interesting Anecdotes of Peter the Great. By Mrs. Pilkington. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Dr. Drake's Essays on the Rambler

Adventurer, and Idler, and of subsequent Periodical Essays. Vol. 2 foolscap 8vo. 10s. 6d. A few copies, post 8vo. 14s.

Elizabeth, by Madame Cottin, elegantly translated into Castilian Spanish. 12mo. 5s.

Observations upon a Review of the "Herculanensis," in the Quarterly Review of last February, in a Letter to the Rt. Hon. Sir William Drummond. By John Hayter, A. M. Chaplain in Ordinary to the Prince of Wales, Superintendent of the Herculaneum Manuscripts, &c. To which is subjoined, a Letter to the Author from Sir William Drummond. 4to. 3s. 6d.

Reflections on the Character of the Hindoos, and on the importance of converting them to Christianity; being the Preface to, and Conclusion of a Series of Oriental Letters, which will shortly be published. By Thomas Forbes, Esq. F. R. S. 2s.

PHILOLOGY.

A new Dictionary of the English and German Languages, compiled from the best authorities, and containing a considerable number of modern words and

Terms of Art, not to be found in all Dictionaries. In two parts. 2 Vols 8vo. 11. 4s. and on fine paper. 11. 11s. 6d.

POETRY.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Extent of Poetic Licence. By N. A. Vignors, jun. Esq. royal 8vo. 15s.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The History of the National Debt from the revolution in 1688 to the year 1800, with a preliminary account of the debts contracted previous to that year. By the late J. J. Grellier, of the Royal Exchange assurance company. 8vo. 14s.

THEOLOGY.

A Charge, delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Sarum, on the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th of June, 1810. By the Rev. Charles Daubeney, Archdeacon of Sarum. 1s. 6d.

The Holy Bible containing the Old and New Testaments. The text printed from the most correct copies of the present authorized translation, including the marginal readings and parallel text with a commentary and critical notes. By Adam Clarke, LL.D. Part I. 10s. 6d.